PASSING EVENTS
AT HOME AND ABROAD

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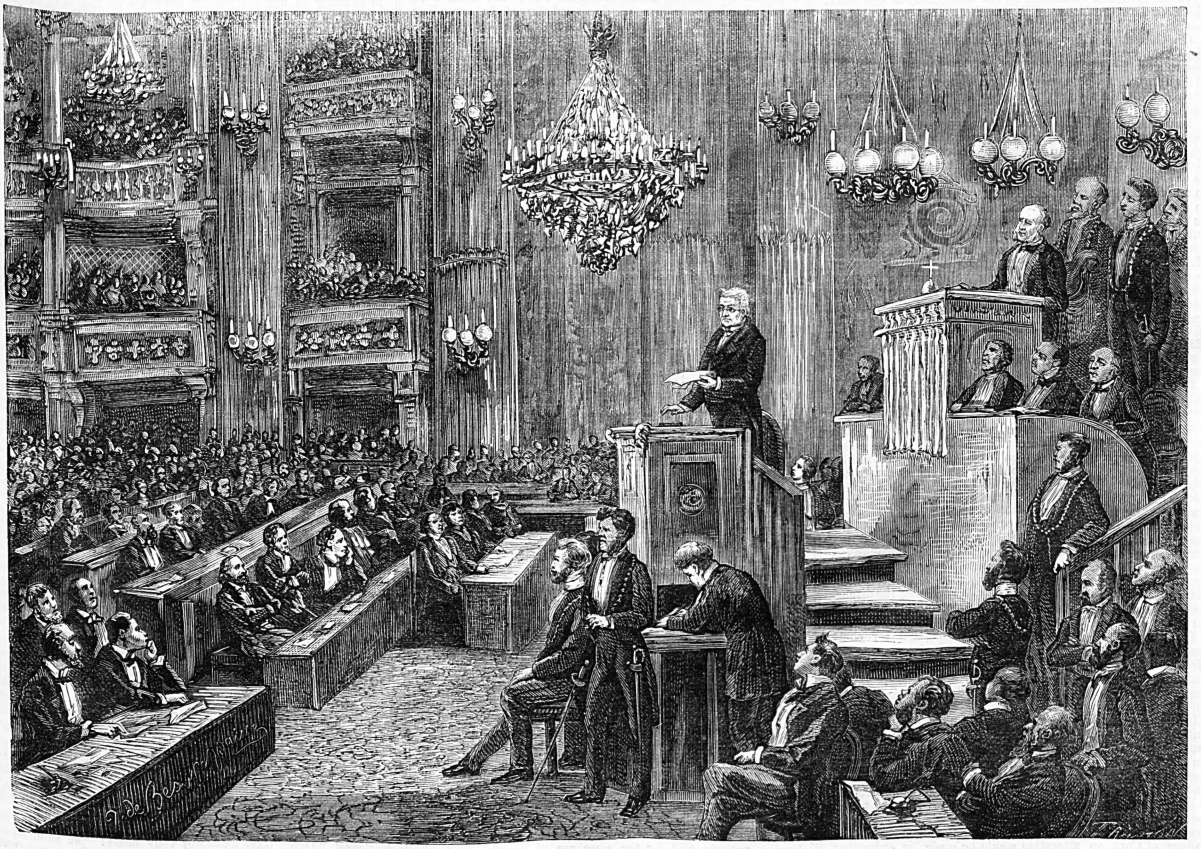
M. THIERS' SPEECH.

On Tuesday afternoon, M. Thiers kept his promise to explain his policy, and about half-past two o'clock he entered the Chamber, and shortly afterwards ascended the tribune. Silence having been quickly obtained, the President of the Republic led off with the assertion that his friend, Monsieur Dufaure, had expressed his veritable ideas in his speech on Saturday. The President then dwelt on the labours of the Committee, and expressed himself favourable to what had been accomplished, because there was an absolute necessity for concord in the country. He was not of an age when it was possible to induldge in scepticism; he had reached a time of life when his ideas were perfectly formed, and he was convinced that no strong Government was possible but one which reposed on the majority of the representatives of the country. M. Thiers then entered into a luminous account of his conduct towards the Committee, and how the little differences which had at first existed between them had been eventually smoothed over without either party making any sacrifice of principle. He alluded to the blessings of unity, but the impossibility of finding it in the Chamber, or rather on either side of the House. On the side of the Royalists there were the two branches which had been unable to effect a fusion, and looking towards the Left he saw the advocates of more than one form of Republic. What was to be done but to lean upon the moderate ideas in the centre of the Assembly, and trust to the patriotism of gentlemen who were not too deeply wedded to any peculiar system of government? He referred to the difficult position in which he had been placed from the fact of there being neither a Royalist nor a Republican majority; and then turning towards the Right he solemnly stated that the Pact of Bordeaux was as practicable to-day as it was when it was entered into. The President next dwelt with considerable force on the state of the country when he assumed power. He was tempted to occupy the position he held, he said, because he could not believe that Providence would reduce France to so low a state as to make her impossible to be ruled. He had, therefore, undertaken this difficult task, and he pointed with some justifiable pride to what had been accomplished since he was elected President of the Republic. He then assured the Assembly that all his efforts had been directed towards the liberation of the territory, towards maintaining order, and placing the country in such a position that the Chamber would be able to hand it over to the next Assembly in a respectable condition. M. Thiers then addressed himself to the Left, and spoke about the Republic being the legal Government of the moment. He then turned sharply round on the Commune, and, evidently replying to some of the recent sarcasms of the Extreme Right, and at the same time separating his Government still farther from the Radicals, talked of the lesson which democracy had received—democracy armed as it had never been armed before, and as it never would be armed again. Afterwards, he alluded to the question



M. THIERS ADDRESSING THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT VERSAILLES.

of the Government having wished to force the Chamber to return to Paris. M. Thiers most positively denied that he had ever been in favour of this measure, and stated that he was perfectly aware of the danger of such an attempt. The President of the Republic then took another retrospective glance, and took the Chamber back a couple of years, when thirty-six departments were invaded by the enemy, and when the utmost disorder and confusion reigned in the unoccupied departments, where taxes were not paid in, &c. M. Thiers alluded in very sharp terms to the foolish and rash plans of the Government of Tours and Bordeaux; and once M. Gambetta, who had been leaning carelessly on his folded arms, sprang up and shook back his hair as if about to reply, but he threw himself back in his seat without replying. He expressed himself satisfied with the position which France holds to-day, when democracy has been so punished that it no longer dares to show its head; and when France was in want of money, had not all Europe poured gold into her lap? He considered that the best thing the Chamber could do was to let well alone, and not to attempt to change the form of government or even give the Republic a definitive character, as that would annoy one side of the Assembly. As a humble servant of the Republic, he would advise the Republicans not to demand that the Republic should be proclaimed, but to vote good measures. Speaking of the Chamber, he declared that he considered that the Assembly had been freely elected, and that it was at liberty to act as constituent. He added that the Chamber had been elected to make peace, but that its duties would not have been accomplished before the territory was liberated. He insisted on institutions being accorded to the present Government, and added that if the Assembly were moderate, the country would return moderate members to the next Parliament. In advocating the cause of two Chambers, M. Thiers pointed to the United States, and declared that it was dangerous to the liberties of the country to centre all the power in one Chamber. In conclusion, M. Thiers declared his determination not to forfeit his word with regard to the Pact of Bordeaux, adding that he would neither violate that agreement in the interest of the Left nor in the interest of the Right. He implored Deputies to be calm, and declared that religion was charity applied to public affairs. He desired very much to see more modesty, and objected to the title of definitive, which was often ridiculous. All the Republics had talked about being definitive, but none of them had existed long, in spite of being one, indivisible, &c. He drew a rapid sketch of past régimes, from that which struck off "the august head of Louis XVI." to the present day, and reflected on the vanity and folly of people talking about perpetual government when all was perpetual movement. The Government ought to live by works and through the respect of the people. In the end, M. Thiers once more declared that the Pact of Bordeaux continued, and that it was impossible to alter it without violating faith with one side of the House or the other. M. Thiers was loudly cheered as he left the tribune, and the preamble was voted.

IN PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons, on the Wednesday of last week, the Poor Law (Scotland) Bill was thrown out on its second reading by 181 votes to 38.

On Thursday, in the House of Lords, the second reading of the Chelsea Water Bill, moved by Lord Fitzwalter, gave rise to a long and animated discussion, in which the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl Granville, and the Duke of Richmond took part. Ultimately the Bill was thrown out by 70 votes against 29.

In the House of Commons the commencement of public business was delayed long past the usual hour by a debate which ensued upon the motion of Lord Elcho, that the Charing-cross and Victoria Embankment Approach Bill should be referred to a select committee. The motion being pressed to a division, was defeated by 187 votes against 72. In reply to Mr. Bernal Osborne, Mr. Grant-Duff said it would not be possible to lay on the table, without inconvenience to the public interest, the correspondence relating to the northern boundary of Afghanistan. Viscount Enfield, replying to Mr. M. Guest, said it was not the intention of the Government to call upon the Russian Government to define a line beyond which they would not make a permanent advance towards the intermediate zone. The Railway and Canal Traffic Bill was read a second time, and the House then went into Committee of Supply. A long discussion took place on the vote of 128,968 men for the army at home, which Mr. Fowler proposed to reduce by 10,000; but after a long discussion progress was reported, and the House adjourned.

In the House of Lords, on Friday, the Lord Chancellor, announced the postponement of the second reading of the Supreme Court of Judicature Bill until Tuesday, the 11th of March. The Polling Districts in Ireland Bill was then read a second time. In the House of Commons Mr. Macfie called attention to the subject of our colonial policy, and moved for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the relations subsisting between the United Kingdom and her colonies, particularly as they affect the direction which emigration takes; and the occupation of waste lands within the empire. In a very discursive speech, he commented upon the unsatisfactory position in which the colonies and the mother country were now placed in consequence of the policy of the Government, but after a short debate the motion was negatived without a division. The House then went into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, resuming the discussion on the vote for men, and Mr. Fowler's motion to reduce the number of men by 10,000, was defeated by 158 to 43.

The House of Lords, on Monday, was occupied for some time in the discussion of a motion by Lord Stratheden, to the effect that certain treaties with Foreign Powers should be made conditionally on the approval of Parliament. It was resisted by Lord Granvillle and the Lord Chancellor amongst others, and was rejected.

In the Commons, the Speakers' and Strangers' Galleries were quite filled, and the Peers' place of honour also was well occupied; but there were no great notabilities there except the Duke of Teck. When the second reading of the University Bill was called the House was full, but not at all crammed. In a very quiet manner, Mr. Gladstone referred to some representations which had been made to him as to the operation of the Bill. With regard to vested interests, he promised all that was equitable. At the instance of the College at Cork an alteration would be made, in order that the affiliation of Colleges to Dublin University should be the act of the Crown, and not that of the council. Some minor emendations with regard to the qualifications for affiliation were stated. The 25th clause would be altered so that the council should decide what branch of arts should entitle to degrees; while study in modern history and philosophy would not be prohibited, but be voluntary. Taking up the question of the composition of the council, he admitted that the desire to know the names of those who would compose it was natural, but contended that it was impossible to submit them at this stage, and then showed that if the names did not satisfy the House they could, according to precedents, be changed. Mr. Gladstone sat down amidst considerable applause. Mr. Bourke had a loud welcome from the Opposition when he came forward to move his amendment demanding that the names of the members of the council should be given before the second reading. The hon. gentleman was gentle in his manner and voice; but he put some points with effect, and certainly to the avowed gratification of the Opposition. When Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice rose to second the motion, he was eagerly welcomed by the Opposition, and while delivering a speech as severe as he could make it, was rapturously cheered by a section of that body. A movement on the part of Mr. Lewis, the new member for Londonderry, produced a call for him, and he proceeded to argue for the amendment, though he repudiated Mr. Smyth's direct proposal for the rejection of the Bill. Though it was practically his maiden speech, he spoke with great facility, and not without considerable power. From many candidates Mr. Orsborne Morgan was selected to follow. He spoke in antagonism to the amendment, and almost, though not entirely, for the Bill. It was the cue of The O'Donoghue to praise the Bill in all respects, except as regarded the Roman Catholics of Ireland, to whom it would be of no use. Failure of the scheme of the Bill was the prediction of Lord Robert Montagu, who delivered himself with great earnestness and comprehensiveness. Without qualification, and with emotional bitterness of expression, Mr. Fawcett denounced the measure as unlikely to remedy the evils at which it was directed—nay, as introducing greater evils than those. Towards the latter part of his speech he grew tremendously excited, and voice, language, and sentiment were strained to their utmost pitch. Great excitement prevailed, which the calmness of Lord Hartington, however, allayed. The last speech before the adjournment of the debate to Thursday was by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who signified that his party would support the amendment.

The report on the Polling Districts (Ireland) Bill was received in a brief sitting of the Lords, on Tuesday evening; and a report of game sold by licensed dealers in the United Kingdom was granted at the instance of Lord Malmesbury.

A motion submitted in the House of Commons by Mr. Henry James, to secure for county court judges an allowance for travelling expenses on the old instead of the new scale, was agreed to, after some discussion, in which Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Locke, and Mr. Stansfeld took part. In introducing his motion for a commission to inquire into the condition of, and certain practices connected with, our commercial marine, Mr. Plimsoll seemed, in the outset, to trust for effect to the remarkable facts relating to a systematic sending of untrustworthy ships to sea, rather than to mere rhetorical display; but the conclusion of the speech was most flowery in language, and the manner most emphatic and fervid. Some of the statements respecting the loss of life at sea were received with murmurs of disapprobation. In seconding the motion, Sir J. Packington entreated the Government to grant the inquiry in the fullest and most ample sense; and he earnestly evinced his sympathy with Mr. Plimsoll in the course he had taken. He, too, produced some startling statistics of sea loss. For an amendment, Mr. Clay moved that a commission should be issued under an Act of Parliament, so that evidence might be taken on oath. Presently, Mr. Chichester Fortescue announced that the Government would accept Mr. Plimsoll's motion. Something he did to tone down the terrible tale that had been told, and to show that things were, however bad, not so bad as they seemed. By-and-bye the discussion turned on the point whether a Commission which could take evidence was not preferable. Eventually a suggestion of Mr. Fortescue, that the motion should be withdrawn, on the understanding that a resolution for a commission should be brought in by the Government, was accepted by Mr. Plimsoll, and accordingly it and the amendment were both withdrawn.

The proceedings on Wednesday were devoid of interest save to the lovers of salmon, the Bill for Regulating Salmon Fisheries being read a second time after a short debate.

POLITICAL.

At the next election Mr. Ayrton will have the proprietor of a London daily paper as his opponent in the Tower Hamlets.

Another meeting of Cæsars is to take place. The Emperor of Austria is expected to take part in the interview originally projected between the Emperors of Russia and Germany, in April next, in St. Petersburg.

The Archbishop of Tuam has issued a pastoral denouncing the Irish University Bill, declaring that it is only from an Irish Parliament that Ireland can hope to obtain educational justice.

The second reading of the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, which is fixed for the 13th of March, will be opposed by Lord Stratheden and Earl Beauchamp, both of whom have intimated that they will move its rejection.

Mr. E. W. Brydges Willyams, one of the Liberal members for East Cornwall, has intimated to his committee that he will retire from the representation at the next general election, unless the committee particularly wish him to contest the county again.

The country will be delighted to hear that at length the Prince of Wales is about interesting himself in public matters. His Royal Highness is appointed a member of the horse committee, and, doubtless, his knowledge of horseflesh will be turned to good account.

Sir Charles Dilke will bring forward a motion on Friday, the 14th of March, to the effect that no measure which deals with a redistribution of parliamentary constituencies will be satisfactory unless it applies to England and Scotland as well as to Ireland.

The inhabitants of London had two escapes last week: the Chelsea Waterworks Bill—a plot for destroying the beauty of Hampton Court—has been summarily thrown out by the Lords; and the Bill for the purchase of Northumberland House, and the formation of a new street from Charing-cross to the Embankment, passed its second reading, despite the opposition of Lord Elcho.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Corry, M.P., is not progressing very satisfactorily.

M. Thiers will go to Anzin in April, visiting Lille on the way.

Count Andreas Bernstorff, has left New York for England in the *Cimbria*.

The Countess de Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugénie, has suddenly lost her eyesight.

The Duke of Edinburgh will accept the appointment of commodore of the Royal Naval Reserve.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch and his suite left Saraton on Sunday for Turkestan.

Mikluchs Maclay, the Russian traveller, who was believed to be dead, is alive and well in New Guinea.

Lord Ossington still continues in the same state as last reported, no change for the better having taken place.

Cardinal Cullen has issued a pastoral denouncing secret societies, amongst which he places the Good Templars.

Mr. Arch, the originator of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, has been requested to meet the Under-Secretary of State.

Count Bernstorff underwent the operation of tapping last week, and has since made satisfactory progress towards recovery.

The Queen will proceed to Balmoral early in May, and remain there for a short time; after Easter Her Majesty will go to Osborne.

Mr. Plimsoll, M.P., has at last consented to the raising of a fund for his defence in the actions which have been commenced against him.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has accepted the protectorate of the Hospice, near Jerusalem, to be founded by the Maltese Knights.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany are expected at Berlin on the 10th March, and great preparations are being made to receive them.

Lady Charles Ker has almost entirely recovered from her serious accident last year, and it is gratifying to state that her eyesight is quite restored.

M. Jean Marie Trubel, a Parisian astronomer, can not only distinguish the stars in broad daylight, but he can see Jupiter's four moons and Saturn's rings with the naked eye.

Bishop Massong, in Tong King, has addressed to one of his friends a letter, in which he says, "The native priests, wishing to give me a complimentary gift, consulted together, and brought me—a coffin."

Mr. M. T. Bass, M.P. for Derby, has determined to give half the profits accruing from the sale of the *Railway Service Gazette* (of which he is now the proprietor) to the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.

The Earl of Breadalbane has been appointed a Lord in Waiting to her Majesty, in the place of the Marquis of Huntly, who has recently resigned the post. His Lordship will, at the same time, be created a peer of the United Kingdom.

Thomas Start, of Horncastle, who was one of those saved from the wreck of the *Northfleet*, has been arrested on a charge of burglary committed nearly three years ago. He had evaded the police until they saw his name in the list of the rescued.

King Amadeus, his Consort, and children, accompanied by their Italian servants, embarked at one o'clock on Monday afternoon from the Belem Quay, Lisbon, on board the Italian frigate *Roma*, which soon after weighed anchor. It is believed that Genoa is their port of destination.

Mr. C. W. Merrifield, F.R.S., who has been principal of the Royal School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering at South Kensington since its foundation in 1864, will terminate his connection with that establishment on its removal to Greenwich in October next.

The Duke of Argyll has, by desire of her Majesty the Queen, sent a letter to the eldest son of Dr. Guthrie, expressing "to the bereaved widow and family of Dr. Guthrie her Majesty's sincere sympathy with them, as well as her Majesty's very true sorrow for the loss of one so good and so useful."

Walt Whitman, the celebrated American poet, is lying at his lodgings at Washington quite low from paralysis, from the seeds of an old and severe case of malarial poison contracted by him in the army hospitals during the civil war. Hopes are, however, entertained that his strong physique will bring him through.

Mr. Cowan, whose name obtained notoriety from his execution of the Kuka prisoners, has commenced practice as a pleader in Lahore. In consequence of this, a circular is shortly to be issued by Government, directing that no judicial officer, after leaving Government employ, is to be admitted a pleader in the district in which he was serving until the expiration of five years from the date of his resignation.

Cipriani, the Florentine, who some months ago swallowed a fork and attracted the attention of all Europe to his interior, is still suffering from the consequences of his imprudent act. It is said that one of the first medical men in Paris has invited him thither with the promise of curing him or handsomely remunerating him. We, who are accustomed to pay doctors, may feel a little surprised at their paying their patient; but it is scarcely worth while to swallow a fork to ascertain if they would then pay us.

The first and second engineers of the steamer *Murillo*, both of whom are Englishmen, gave their evidence yesterday at Greenwich Police-court with respect to the collision off Dungeness. Their statements before the English magistrate and nautical assessors for the Board of Trade are substantially the same that they were reported to have made to the authorities at Cadiz. The second engineer's testimony is the more important of the two, as he was an eye-witness of the actual collision. He says, that in response to the cry on board the *Northfleet*, "Don't leave us—send your boats!" he shouted as loudly as he was able, "We are not going to leave you," thinking that the captain would not be so inhuman as to run away.

AT HOME.

Henley Bridge was first freed from toll on Saturday last.

On behalf of her Majesty, the Prince of Wales held a levée on Monday at St. James's Palace.

The race for the Championship of the Thames between Sadler and Bagnall has been fixed for May 26th.

A coal-bed has been discovered on the estate of Colonel Irvine, at Sack, county Fermanagh, which has been announced as equal to English.

A Great Fire took place last Saturday night in a gas tar depository in Hanover-street, Dublin; £50,000 worth of property was destroyed.

The Alhambra Music-hall at Belfast was destroyed by fire on Friday week. The flames communicated to the warehouse of the Brookfield Linen Company adjoining, and great damage was done.

In consequence of the high price of coal, the inhabitants of parts of Kent are mixing 30 per cent. of chalk with the coal. The admixture is found to answer well where there are large fire-grates.

Base half-sovereigns are now largely in circulation. The specimens that have come under observation are dated 1849, and are of gold, though of inferior quality to the standard coinage.

The report of a large quantity of small arms being manufactured in Birmingham for the account of the German Government is confirmed. The arms are what in Germany go by the designation of M 71 rifles.

The Norwich Town Council has resolved to resist an order made by the Home Secretary for the erection of a new pauper lunatic asylum in that city. The matter will come before one of the superior courts.

Two sad relics of the *Northfleet* have been washed ashore at Lydd. One body was found on Saturday afternoon, and another soon followed, both being far advanced in decomposition. They were immediately buried.

The largest steamship ever built on the Humber has just been launched by the Earles Company, for the Wilson India line. She has been named *El Dorado*. The length of this fine vessel is 400 feet, and her burthen is 3,000 tons.

The Royal United Service Institution held its forty-second annual meeting last Saturday, when the Marquis of Lansdowne, who occupied the presidental chair, congratulated the members present on the large gain to their number indicated by the report.

Within the last few weeks several burglaries have been committed in the neighbourhood of Acton, and on Sunday night the residence of Mr. Thomas Smith, one of the parish overseers, was broken into, and the parish safe robbed of upwards of £300.

Saturday last was St. David's Day, and the festival was kept in various places, but nowhere more enthusiastically than at Willis's Rooms, by the Society of Ancient Britons, who celebrated their 158th anniversary under the presidency of Mr. Edward Rhys Wingfield.

The Thames is now closed against what is known as "bottom fishing," and the fence months for the whole of the Thames, under the jurisdiction of both the City to Staines and of the Conservancy thence to Cricklade, will last until June next, excepting for salmon and trout.

The *Great Eastern* is taking on board a telegraph cable about to be laid from Land's End to New York. The work is progressing rapidly, and is expected to be completed in May or June. She has just been thoroughly overhauled, and was found to be as sound as when launched.

A serious explosion of gas occurred on the 28th ult. at the Aldine Chambers, Lumley-court, Strand, near the Vaudeville, Theatre, doing a considerable amount of damage. A man, also, was very severely burnt. The accident was caused by taking a lighted candle to find a leakage.

On Saturday, the *Raleigh*, twenty-two guns, iron-cased frigate, was successfully launched from Chatham Dockyard, the ceremony of christening being performed by Mrs. Chamberlain, wife of the Captain-Superintendent. The *Raleigh* was built from the designs of Mr. E. J. Reed, C.B.

The feeling in favour of Mr. Plimsoll's motion for a Royal Commission in regard to unseaworthy ships is rapidly spreading, and meetings in support of the motion are being announced in various parts of the country. It is believed that the Commission will be almost unanimously granted.

On Friday, the 28th ult., the remains of the late Dr. Guthrie were interred in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh. The public bodies of the Scottish capital were fully represented on the occasion, and the funeral procession, which was a mile in length, was witnessed by about 15,000 persons.

Oxford and Cambridge continue their preparations for the struggle on the River Thames. The younger University's crew, after some changes, would seem to have settled down into their light boat, which they tried last week for the first time. Reports from Oxford are such as to keep the Cantabs on their mettle.

Threatened destruction, by the high tides, of the new Alexandra Docks, which are in progress at Newport, has been happily averted. The embankment in front of the intended lock-gates was found to be letting water through, and the defective part was only just strengthened in time to prevent a heavy disaster.

Acting on a warrant granted on the application of Mr. Collette, solicitor to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, a detective, with several assistants, went to Dr. Kahn's Museum, Tichborne-street, last week, and seized forty cases of models, which were deemed by the Society "indecent, disgusting, and demoralizing."

The treatment of persons detained before committal has been discussed by the Middlesex magistrates, who think Dr. Hessel's grievances much magnified, and the prison arrangements quite perfect. The only way to teach such people better is to shut them up for a fortnight, during which they shall have to scrub their own cells, &c.

Last week a miner named Samuel Bills was engaged in sinking a well at Dudley, when he accidentally fired the shot by dropping a lighted candle on the powder. He was blown out of the well, and fell back again, shockingly mangled. He died two hours later. Two children were looking into the well at the time of the explosion, and were seriously burnt.

A domestic servant has been apprehended in Edinburgh on suspicion of having poisoned her illegitimate child, an infant of seven months. The allegation against her is, that she called at the house where the infant was at nurse, and having sent on some errand the girl who had charge of the child, administered a quantity of laudanum, from the effects of which the poor little creature died in the course of the night.

At the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works last week, the Works Committee presented a report, submitting proposed contracts with the Duke of Northumberland for the purchase of Northumberland House and property, required for the formation of the approach from Charing-cross to the Victoria Embankment, and recommended that the same be approved, and that the seal of the Board be affixed thereto.

One of the most violent gales that has visited Jersey for many years took place last Saturday morning, and, backed with spring tide, effected great damage to the railway round St. Aubin's Bay. In many places the protecting wall is washed away, and packings from under rails were removed, so that traffic cannot be carried on. It is expected that some days will be required for repairs. Service in the meantime is carried on by omnibus.

The Bar on the Northern Circuit held a special meeting on Sunday, in consequence of urgency, and passed a resolution condemning the action of Sir J. Coleridge in having entrusted the conduct of an important prosecution at Durham to a learned gentleman who does not hold an appointment, thereby superseding Mr. Aspinall, Q.C., who, as the Attorney-General of the Palatinate, is entitled to precedence in Government prosecutions within that jurisdiction.

The tide at Eastbourne, on Saturday last, was the heaviest that has been known for many years. The sea broke on the Esplanade with great fury, upheaving a portion of the surface, and making large breaches in the sea-wall. The basements of many houses were flooded, and shingle and beach blown up in cart-loads. Some of the lower parts of the town were inundated to a depth of a foot or more. The line of railway between Pevensey and Hastings was considerably damaged, and the traffic was much delayed.

The International Football Match came off on the West of Scotland Ground at Glasgow on Monday, in the presence of more than 2,000 spectators. Rain fell continuously, and a regular Scotch mist prevailed during the principal part of the game, rendering the ground very soft. After a stiff contest of forty-five minutes, the match ended in a draw, though in favour of England, the Scotch being twice compelled to touch behind their own goal-line. The Englishmen were entertained at a sumptuous dinner after the match.

A fatal affray between some French sailors and a German ship carpenter occurred on Monday night in a beershop in Gloucester, where the German was lodging. A fight took place between them, the result of which was that one of the Frenchmen was stabbed in the groin, and from this wound he died a few minutes afterwards. Another Frenchman was severely stabbed, but he managed to get on board his ship. The German was taken into custody, but no knife was found on him, nor had he any blood-stains.

The auditor of a large union west of Temple Bar was not long since struck with the extraordinary consumption in the workhouse of mops, brooms, pails, and scrubbing-brushes out of all proportion to the wants of the house. Scrutiny revealed the startling fact that the surplus had been consumed in furnishing the guardians with luncheons. The mops, pails, and brooms had been changed into bread, cheese, meat, ale, wine, &c., and in those pleasant shapes they had graced the weekly table, and afforded the guardians a morning meal.

On Sunday evening an extensive block of buildings in Soho was discovered to be on fire. The house in which the disaster originated was No. 20, Frith-street, and was used principally as offices. Although no time was lost in bringing a number of engines to the spot, the fire, before they arrived, was rapidly spreading from floor to floor, and in a very short period the large building was in a blaze from the basement to the roof. At last the roof fell in with a tremendous crash, and some adjoining buildings then became also ignited. The conflagration was not finally subdued until a late hour.

It was considered necessary to have a strong force of constabulary and dragoons at Drogheda for the protection of Mr. Justice Keogh during the assizes. The foreman of the grand jury, it is stated, headed a list of six magistrates, calling an indignation meeting to denounce the judge. This meeting was held, and was presided over by the mayor, whose name is united in the commission for holding the assizes. The judge was hooted while passing through Drogheda at the close of the assizes. One man was arrested, and was fined 6d. by the mayor.

A very singular accident has occurred at West Hartlepool. The steamship *Gipsy Queen* was placed under one of the high drops to ship her bunker coal, when a set of waggons broke loose in descending the incline leading to the drop, and leaving the engine dashed rapidly on to the "cradle," which gave way under the pressure. Nine of the laden waggons were hurled upon the deck of the steamer—some 20 feet beneath. The decks were stove in amidships and a portion of the saloon end damaged. The waggons and their contents were piled up in a chaotic mass, sides being stove in, wheels torn off, and other damage done.

Last Saturday afternoon a collision occurred just outside the Mansion-house station, towards Blackfriars, as an immediate consequence stopping the whole traffic of the line. Trains were detained in several of the tunnels, to the dismay of the passengers, and, when drawn up for a long delay at the platform, the issue of tickets was continued. There were one or two broken noses and some slight effusions of blood, but, we believe, no broken limbs or bones. A gang of workmen was at once telegraphed for, and was quickly on the spot, and energetically commenced clearing the line; but the traffic was blocked for a considerable period.

There has been another disturbance at the Beckton Gas-works. On Sunday night, at twelve o'clock, about fifty coal-porters employed at the works refused to go to work, and when they presented themselves in a body at six o'clock on Monday morning they were all discharged, Mr. Trewby, the superintendent of the works, having obtained other men to supply their places. Their wages having been paid, the men went to the adjacent canteen, where they remained drinking all the morning, and about noon the police were called to quell a serious disturbance among them. One man, who had violently assaulted a constable, was rescued by his companions, and escaped; but two others, named Bexley and Brown, were afterwards apprehended.

As there have been several robberies of late in the neighbourhood of Bradwell, Police-constable Green went on duty on Monday night last week with instructions to try and ascertain who the thief was. Since that time the constable has been missing; and although vigorous search was made, he was not found till the Friday, when his body, shockingly mangled, was taken out of the canal near Sandbach. Suspicion fell upon a Chester man, who at the last November sessions was convicted of stealing hay. He was apprehended, and was found to have two black eyes, his hands knocked about, and with other indications of having been engaged in some severe struggle.

An inquiry has been held at Flint on the body of a young woman named Margaret Williams, aged 25, a member of a highly respectable family in Wrexham, who died from the effects of an overdose of narcotic poison. Deceased had been in low spirits for some time, having an action pending at the coming assizes against the alleged father of her child, a Wrexham tradesman. She was unable to sleep at night, and was in the habit of taking laudanum to secure rest. The evidence did not show whether she had wilfully taken away her life, or had accidentally taken an overdose of the laudanum, and a verdict to that effect was returned.

Last week Lambeth was visited with extraordinary high tides—so much so as to cause several parts of the parish to be inundated. The highest tide occurred on Thursday afternoon, and is spoken of as being the highest for the last twenty-four years. At Nine Elms the roadway in front of the South-Western Railway Company's Depôt was completely flooded, and in Southampton-street, which is below the level of the main road, the water stood four feet high, and after forcing its way through the houses came out into a street at the rear. In the houses the greatest alarm prevailed, as the inhabitants were quite unprepared, and in many cases the furniture could be seen floating about. The tide also made an inroad into High-street, Lambeth, and for some time the road from the Embankment to High-street was quite impassable. In William-street the water rose considerably, and the ground-floors of over fifty houses were completely covered, while the street itself bore the appearance of a canal. On the subsidence of the water every precaution was taken in anticipation of a recurrence of the inundations, and the doors and gratings of the houses likely to be affected were stopped up with boards and clay. Fortunately the tides of Friday morning and afternoon, though very high, did not reach the height of the one on Thursday, and no further danger is anticipated. The high tide is attributed to the great fall of snow and the sudden thaw, which has swelled the river to an unusual extent. Fulham and Putney also suffered from the tide. Cellars were invaded by the water, and much damage was done to the stock-in-trade of the local tradesmen. The extensive grounds of Ranelagh House, immediately below the bridge, on the Middlesex side, were inundated to a depth of seven feet in some places, and the water approached to within a few yards of the house itself.

AT SEA.

We are in the midst of an epidemic of maritime disaster. There is scarcely a seaport, or even a fishing village, on our coasts from which does not come in its turn the tale of calamity.

The English authorities have applied to the Government of the United States to assist in discovering a large American sailing-ship which, between Copenhagen and Dantzic, ran down the British steamer *Herald*, and proceeded without rendering assistance. All on board the steamer perished except one person, although many might have been rescued if the missing vessel had put out a boat, as a number of persons clung for a long period to the bottom of the lifeboat, until washed off one by one. The unknown ship lost her bowsprit and jibboom. The United States Government have issued notices on the subject, but do not offer any reward for information leading to the identification of the vessel.

On Sunday morning, the schooner *Juno*, whilst tacking from the Caldy Roads, having no pilot on board, struck on a sand-bank, where she remained for nearly three hours, beaten by a heavy surf. She was afterwards towed off, and taken into the Tenby Roads, where she sank in the evening, within 200 yards of the harbour.

The schooner *Alma*, of Kinsale, laden with oats, came ashore at Perranporth, North Cornwall. Directly she struck the crew left in the boat, which immediately capsized. The men, being swimmers, struck out for the shore, which, fortunately, was near, and gained it in safety. The captain managed to regain his vessel, and stuck to it until the tide went down, when he was liberated. Men were at once employed to get out the schooner's cargo and strip her, and she has since broken up.

On Sunday the pilot skiff *Crystal Spring*, of Newport, was wrecked off Bideford Bar; the crew, three in number, were drowned. It is supposed that a sea carried away the main boom, and washed them overboard as they were crossing the bar to pilot a vessel out.

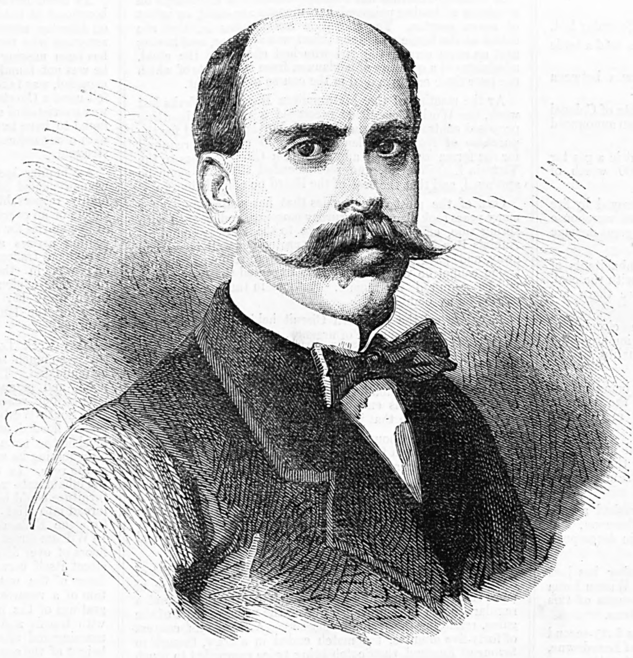
Early on Saturday morning the brig *Vivid*, of Weymouth, while sailing from Sunderland, came into violent collision with the brig *Oak*, which was lying at anchor off Sunderland Bar. The *Vivid* had her rigging and jibboom carried away, and was otherwise severely injured. Robert Burt, seaman, was killed through the collision by the jibboom of the *Vivid* falling on him. The *Oak* was also much injured.

The bark *Star of the Sea*, Captain James Watson master, which left Liverpool last week, bound for Old Calabar, is ashore at Holyhead. Eight of the crew refused duty on Saturday on the ground that the ship was insufficiently manned, when the captain bore down for Holyhead, and in making for the harbour at midnight struck on the rocks at Soldier's Point, outside the breakwater. The crew, numbering sixteen all told, were saved by the rocket apparatus. It is feared the ship will become a total wreck.

A telegram from Scilly states that the barque *Sarah Burnyeat*, from Madras for London, parted cables, and ran ashore on Sunday morning, the wind blowing strong at the time. The foremast was cut away, the main and mizen topmasts also went, and a great deal of the cargo also was discharged. At high water, efforts were made by a steamer to tow the vessel off, but they proved unsuccessful, and it is thought the vessel will not be got off.

The British ship *Benares*, from Cardiff to Hong Kong, has been lost on the Loochoo Islands. The captain, the officers, and all the crew, except five men, have been drowned.

SENOR CASTELAR.



SENOR EMILIO CASTELAR.

Senor Emilio Castelar, the Minister for Foreign Affairs of the new Spanish Republic, is at present in his forty-first year, having been born in 1832. He is of middle height, with great breadth of shoulder, and fine ample chest; his appearance altogether being very commanding. The poise of his head is full of dignity, and his gestures are at once expressive and natural. His face is of the Spanish type, long and narrow; a heavy moustache overhangs a mouth that fails to indicate firmness, and the chin lacks the massiveness which we are wont to associate with the idea of a man of action and determination. His forehead is lofty and upright, but has the fault of narrowness. The eyes are large, full, dark, and extremely brilliant and expressive. They give the character to the whole face. They are the eyes of a poet, an orator, a man of keen sensibilities, a theorizer, a dreamer of mystical utopianisms, a man who might set on fire an audience, but who would not know how to sway the ardour that he had kindled.

His reputation is mainly due to the magic of the oratory with which he has swayed the passions of the Spanish Cortes, and charmed irritated mobs into amazed and enraptured silence. That he is the greatest living orator in Spain none attempt to deny; indeed, he occupies the chair of History and Oratory in the University of Madrid: but the elements of his success in public speaking appears somewhat to his detriment when he is removed from the platform or the tribune. He unquestionably speaks exceptionally well, but he does not converse in the sense in which we understand conversation. He does not argue or reason, and he does not seem to mind facts much; he rather deals in generalities clothed in extremely beautiful language. Of modern Europe, in a political sense, he has extremely vague knowledge, and in the absence of knowledge his imagination runs away with him strangely. He has strong hopes, if Spain succeeds in firmly establishing herself as a Republic, that success will tell with tremendous effect on the Monarchies of Europe. He has shown himself strangely wanting in practicalness, and innocent as a child of the art of dealing promptly and collectedly with details. That he is honest and unselfish is perfectly clear; but it seems also equally clear that he is deficient in strength of character, force of will, and power to grasp, appreciate, and control a situation of difficulty and intricacy.

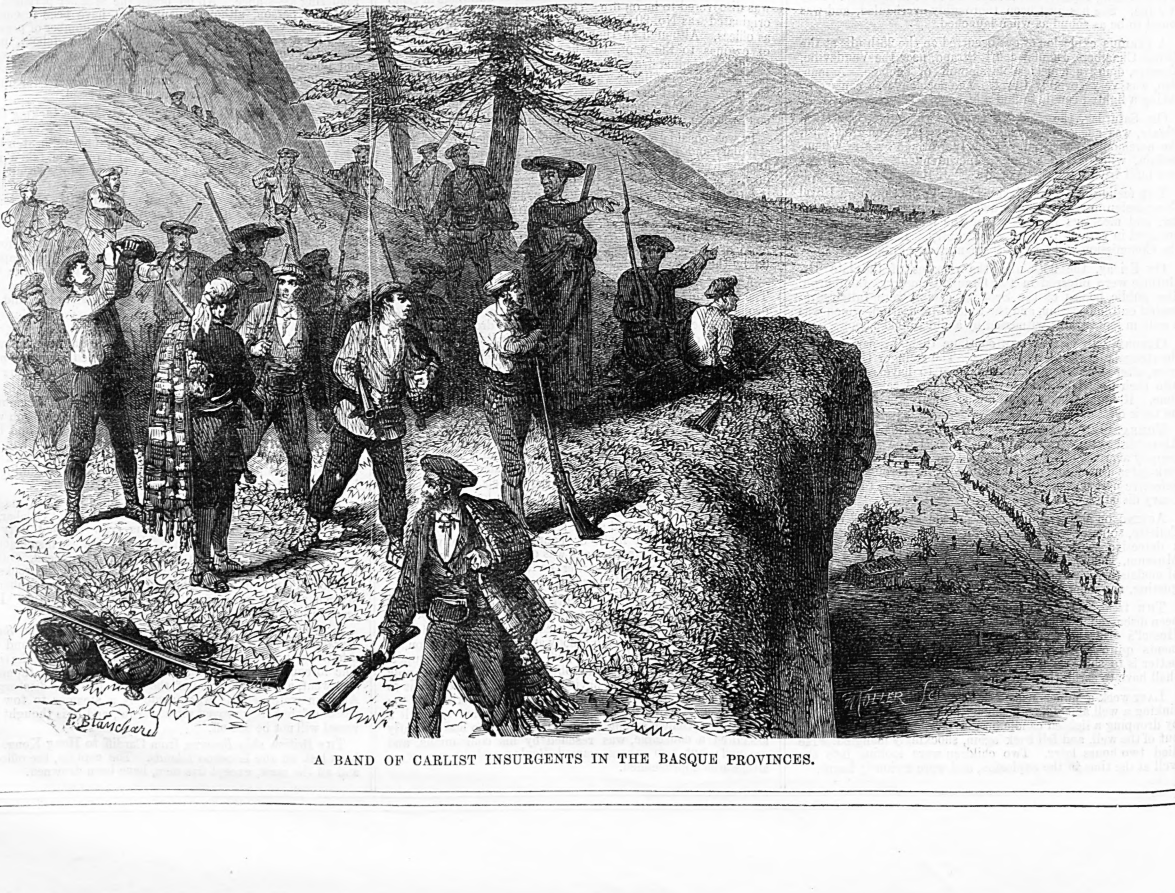
It is part of the man's character that he should feel depressed by reason of the delay which the Republic experiences in obtaining recognition from Foreign Powers. The absence of self-reliance prompts him to elation at a sentence in a foreign newspaper commendatory of the Republic, and to discouragement by writing of a depreciatory or sneering tone. He is, too, embarrassed by himself. He has made his fame by fervid oratory in favour of Republicanism. In painting the advantages of Republican institutions he has spoken rash words and used on his canvas a dangerous quantity of rose-colour. Now that he is in office—a post which, in justice to him, it must be said he did not desire, and only accepted from a sense of duty—his utterances fill him with an apprehension that the Republican masses of Spain will demand at his hands their justification, failing which they will withdraw the confidence which in the first flush of Republicanism seems so general. Altogether, Castelar fails to impress one with the idea that he is a man strong enough to be an efficient leader in the work that lies before any party who would restore Spain to a settled condition.

The following is a summary of the memorandum sent by Senor Castelar to the representatives of Spain abroad relative to the establishment of the Republic:—

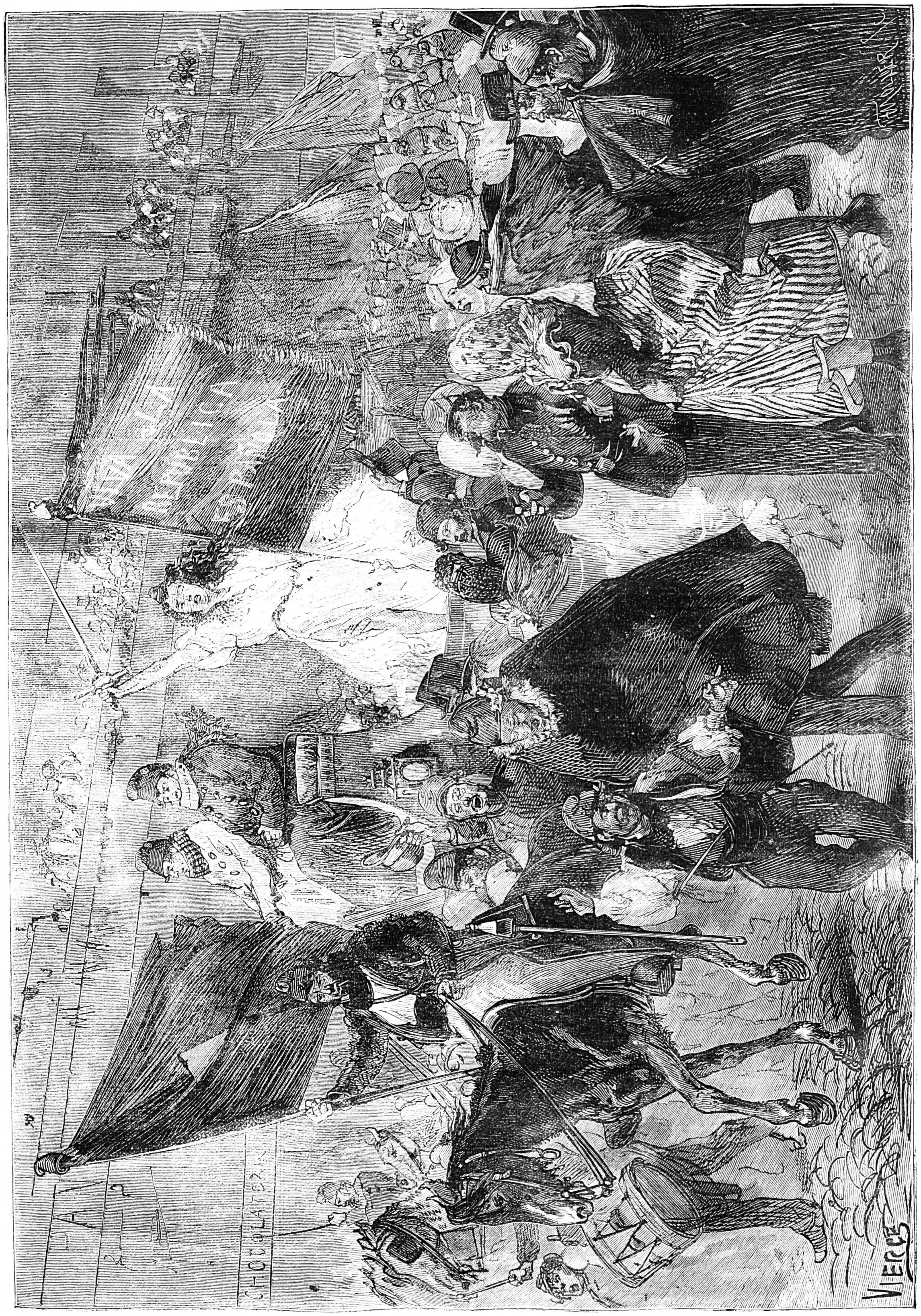
The Minister for Foreign Aff[illegible] —"The Monarchy was already condemned in the highest circles of society before the conscience of the people gave it its death-blow. Three Monarchical attempts have proved fruitless; first, in 1812, by the creation of a Democratic Monarchy; secondly, in 1836, by a Parliamentary Monarchy; and lastly, in 1869, by the establishment of an Elective Monarchy. It is impossible not to recognize that, had the Monarchical institution been deeply rooted in the habits of the nation, it could not have fallen through the conspiracies of a party or the speeches delivered from the tribune; its fall was simply caused by its own internal disorganization."

After highly praising the qualities of the ex-King Amadeus, Senor Castelar thus continues:—"It would be erroneous to imagine that a mysterious conspiracy existed against him. He was deficient in that power which derives its strength from public opinion, and is founded upon the love of the people. What was to be done when he renounced the Crown? To recall a dethroned dynasty? That was impossible. To establish a Military Dictatorship? That would have been absurd. To pass through a new provisional condition of affairs? That was a course full of perils. Thus, in the absence of a supreme head, the Cortes assumed entire power and proclaimed the Republic, leaving to the Constituent Cortes, which are to be duly and freely elected, its organization. It was not a revolution, but simply a necessary evolution. The Republic is beneficial; nobody contests its legality, and civil and military authorities have spontaneously accepted it. The Conservative classes have recognized the necessity of the transformation; the clergy have avowed that they hoped to see their religious independence more secured by the right of association, and the army has welcomed the Republic with a fervent enthusiasm." Senor Castelar then combats the idea that the Spanish people are ungovernable and self-willed, saying that, on the contrary, it constantly and tenaciously has desired to govern itself. He then adds: "The Government is resolved to grant complete electoral freedom. The Government is not composed of conspirators, but of legislators accustomed to draw up laws and to obey them. Spain will never conspire against the autonomy and independence of the nations; the Republic will not be an apple of discord for other nations, for it possesses in the world sufficient territory for her activity, and desires merely to preserve that territory, and will preserve it integrally at all cost."

Senor Castelar concludes by announcing that the Republic has already been recognized by the United States and Switzerland, and expresses a hope that, after these explanations, the other Governments will throw off their reserve, and will also recognize the Spanish Republic.



A BAND OF CARLIST INSURGENTS IN THE BASQUE PROVINCES.


VIVA LA
REPUBLICA
ESPAÑOLA
PAN
CHOCOLATES
VIERGE

THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION TRAVERSING THE STREETS OF MADRID.

ABROAD.

The American Senate has passed the Fisheries Bill unanimously.

The Berlin cab-drivers have struck in consequence of new regulations having been issued.

Seven men of the crew of the *Murillo* have been liberated. The master and the others are still in custody.

We learn from the *Swiss Times* that a *bal costumé* was given at the English Legation at Berne, on Ash Wednesday.

The Nebraska Indians are allowed to ride free on all trains they can jump on while the latter is in motion. The tribe is being reduced very rapidly.

A destructive fire is reported to have broken out at Bankok, in the native part of the town, which burned all the houses over a space of half a mile square.

The Madoc Indians have accepted conditions of peace. By the terms of the surrender they are to be moved to the reservation territory of Arizona or South California.

The Radicals of Montpellier are reported to have created very grave disturbances by their misconduct during the celebration of a requiem mass in memory of the Emperor Napoleon.

As the number of drinking-fountains given to the city of Paris by Sir Richard Wallace has not been found sufficient for all the quarters, the generous donor has ordered twenty more to be erected.

After protracted consideration of the subject, the committee of the Belgian Chamber of Representatives has reported in favour of the purchase of the Great Luxembourg Railway by the State.

A Deputation of Feudalist Austrian Czechs, headed by Counts Schonbron and Thun, has undertaken a pilgrimage to Rome, to implore the Pope's blessing on the opposition raised by their party to the Electoral Reform Bill.

Seams of coal have been discovered in the south of Sweden, and several companies have been or are being formed to work them. One of the companies commenced operations on the 21st January, under the direction of an English engineer.

In Salvador the town of San Vincente has been destroyed by an earthquake. The town has about 10,000 inhabitants. The houses have been so often shaken by earthquakes that a strong shock was not required to finish what so many others had left undone.

The Portuguese police have arrested an agent of the working men's society called the Fraternidade Operaria, who was endeavouring to organize a strike among the men engaged in the tobacco manufactories. The society continues to enlist working men.

The German Government has, for want of time, finally abandoned the project of introducing the New Press Law in the Spring Session. A difference as to the conduct of press trials has also sprung up, the Southern Governments demanding trial by jury.

A Protocol was signed on the 1st inst. by Khalil Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and by the representatives of England, France, and Italy, to terminate the abuse of consular jurisdiction in Tripoli, in lawsuits between natives and the subjects of the above Powers.

The American House of Representatives have passed an amendment to the Constitution, increasing the salaries of the President, Vice-President, and judges of the United States, as originally proposed. The salaries of the members of Congress are fixed at 6,500 dollars.

The German Ministry have unanimously resolved, upon the proposal of Prince Bismarck, that all matters relating to railway concessions shall henceforth be submitted to the entire Cabinet, and shall no longer be treated solely by the Minister to whose department they more immediately appertain.

A singular submarine explosion is reported from Freemantle, Western Australia. The water recently rose up in bodies nearly 100 feet high, about a mile and a half from the shore, in fourteen fathoms. There was a deep hollow in the centre of each body, and an appearance of burning sulphur.

The body of the officer of gendarmerie supposed to have been murdered by the band of Paris robbers just arrested, has been found in the Seine, at Nantes, with numerous wounds made by poniards. He was a lieutenant named Sermentin, who had come to Paris to make purchases, and probably had a considerable sum of money upon him.

The Italian emigrants at New York, who were at first represented as lazaroni and banditti, appear to be a good honest class of men. Four or five hundred of them have been employed cleaning the streets of New York, and they have proved themselves diligent and faithful labourers. But it does not seem a very noble pursuit to put one particular nation to.

A cable telegram informs us that a disastrous fire occurred at New Orleans on Thursday week. Six blocks of houses were destroyed, and the loss is estimated at 250,000 dols. Two hundred families are homeless. A destructive fire occurred at Boston on the same day. Three persons were killed, and seven injured; and it is feared a number are buried in the ruins.

Towards the end of May a competition will take place in Paris between French cooks; and a tasting jury will pronounce as to the old and new dishes. Every competitor will be bound to serve up with his dish the receipt for making it and its cost. The public can thus avoid death and bankruptcy. If the idea pays, the surplus funds will be voted to founding a kind of Cooks' Training College.

The peculiar humour of the Americans appears in all their dealings,—even in the gravest affairs of State. The Philadelphia correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs as follows:—"If the Geneva award is not all distributed among the claimants, the balance will remain in the Treasury to help to pay the Awards of the Commission sitting at Washington, and also the money due to Canada for Fishery Concessions."

A meeting of Extreme Radicals has been held in the Argentina Theatre at Rome. The following resolution was submitted and unanimously carried:—"We, Democratic Republican Italians, salute the Spanish Republic, and pledge ourselves by word of honour to support and fight for every nation in its struggles for liberty against tyranny. We are ready to give our blood in this sacred cause." The meeting closed amid cries of "Long live the Spanish Republic!"

A duel was fought in Paris last week between two women living in the Boulevard des Courcelles. The cause of dispute was rivalry for the affections of a man named Juglin, and the two women agreed to decide their dispute by means of a duel with knives. The frightful conflict was waged in the house they occupied, and the result was, one woman mortally and the other dangerously wounded. The cause of this dreadful contest, the man Juglin, has been arrested.

Suicide by charcoal fumes is a favourite means of self-destruction among the French; occasionally the *modus operandi* varies. A widower who has just suffered the usual irreparable loss, purchased a bushel of charcoal, stopped up every crevice in the chamber, threw himself on his bed clutching the photograph of his wife, and awaited death. Twenty-four hours later the King of Terrors appeared at the foot of the bed in the shape of a policeman, inquiring what was wrong with him in refusing to open his door. The intended suicide forgot to set fire to the charcoal.

Last Saturday terminated the three days' debate on the report of the Commission of Thirty, with a victory for M. Thiers, the voting being 499 against 200. M. Dufaure, who spoke on behalf of the Cabinet, declared that the country possessed a legitimate government, but distinguished between a legal and a definitive form, and insisted on the prudence of leaving the final decision of the Assembly on the question of Republic or Monarchy for a future occasion. He repudiated the idea that the Ministry had any wish to interfere with universal suffrage, but urged that a second Chamber should be founded, in order to give security and stability to their institutions. The minority in the division was composed of the extremes of both parties.

One of the charges against Marshal Bazaine, is that he surrendered to the Prussians as trophies all the regimental standards in Metz. The Marshal swore that he had ordered General Soleille to burn the bunting; the General swore that he had received no such order. But on General Desvaux swearing that he was present when the Marshal gave the order, General Soleille, his memory thus refreshed, admitted the fact. But here we come upon some further fencing with truth. If the order were given, why was it not executed? and if it were given, what became of the Marshal's word of honour, and that given by General Jallais to the Prussian General Stielhe on the 27th of October—that all the war material, consisting of flags, eagles, cannon, arms, &c., within the walls of Metz should be handed over to the Prussian authorities.

The *Japan Mail* says, "that owing to the recent order advising or requiring the natives to cut off their queues, and not to shave their heads any longer, the city presents the appearance of being inhabited by a population of priests, with a few weeks' crop of new hair on their skulls. Several cunning speculators, as soon as the order was issued, bought up all the hats in the city, and the price of head coverings rose greatly in consequence. All the orders sent to Kobe and Osaka could not be fulfilled, nor would they supply the demand if they were. Many new orders for hats from Europe and America have been the consequence. The hat stores in those countries will doubtless ship their old stock to Japan, and though the hat famine will be relieved, yet the prospective flood of all manner of horribly unfashionable toggery for the head is something appalling to think of."

According to the official *Gazette* of St. Petersburg, the troops destined for the campaign in Khiva are gradually being despatched to the locality whence they will formally start. The Krasnovod troops have been ordered to the Atrek valley. The Turkestan troops have not changed their cantonments. In reference to the troops at Orenburg, it is stated that a month ago part of them, while marching to the scene of operations, were snowed up, and had to be dug out. Three weeks ago fresh troops left their stations, and detachments have been sent from Kasan and Orenburg to replace them. The news that the expedition had been abandoned in consequence of Kniva having declared its submission is unfounded. It is reported that Russia is not only in favour of an accurate delineation of the intermediary zone, but would also prefer concerting a plan of common action with England in the event of the Afghans overstepping their boundary-line.

A very odd story of a robbery and the detection of the thief reaches us from Bombay. A Parsee bill-collector, on his way to deposit at the National Bank for Mr. Byramjee Jeejeebhoy notes to the value of £1,100 (11,530 rs), fell down apparently in a fit, and was soon surrounded by a crowd. Coming partially to himself, he said he had been robbed. The police went in pursuit of the thief, and the sick man was hurried to the hospital. The house-surgeon, Mr. Anderson, doubting that it was a genuite fit, said aloud, "The best thing to do in these cases is to apply boiling hot water to the top of the head." In a moment the man was cured, confessed that his fit was a sham, and said that he had tried to make people believe that he had been robbed because he had lost 4,000 rs. of his employer's money. The remainder of the money, he said, he had given to his son to hide. He was taken home to verify the statement. Sure enough, a bundle of notes was unearthed; but, alas! there was more than he had made out. The son, instead of keeping as lost 4,000 rs, had only kept 400 rs. This was too much for the old man, who, losing his temper, began to rate his boy for not carrying out his orders; and there was an end of the fiction about his loss.

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IN SPAIN.

The latest news from Spain is by no means reassuring. There is a disagreement between Radicals and Republicans as to the date of dissolution. The Washington Cabinet is said to be "protesting strongly" on the abolition of slavery question, the Spanish Government, conscious of its weakness, being inclined to give way. Senor Figueras thinks it well to announce that "the military authorities had given in their adhesion to the Republic." Senor Sicilia makes a speech urging "the suppression of the Council of State, and the Ministries of Justice, Public Works, and Marine;" but this, we suppose, must be a mistake. The inhabitants of Madrid of all shades of political opinion continue to organize themselves by districts for the mutual defence of private property.

The army of Catalonia is represented as being greatly disorganized, and few officers remain with it.

In the Cortes some amendments have been presented to the Slavery Bill in favour of a gradual instead of an immediate abolition, but the belief prevails that the original clause will be passed.

The insurrection, which we may now call civil war, far from decreasing, is assuming dangerous proportions, and both belligerents are preparing in earnest for a long and bloody struggle. On the 24th of February, Don Alphonso and his wife, with a numerous staff and a body guard of 200 young men, stayed the whole day at San Quirce de Besora, where the bells were kept ringing and a band played. Don Alphonso held a reception, and many people of the neighbouring villages flocked to see him. The towns of Vich Roda and Centellas, near Barcelona, having refused to satisfy the Carlist demands for the payment of the last three months' taxes, the Carlists declare them to be in a state of blockade. The Carlist leaders, Olla and Dorregarray, are reported to be within three miles of Pamphina at the head of 4,000 men. There has been an important engagement recently between Saball's band and a Republican force, under the command of General Cebrinelty. The latter fell back on Barcelona, and several of his officers were killed.

Advices from Carlist sources also report the defeat of a Republican column by Saball near Tordera, north of Barcelona, in which it is alleged that the Republicans lost twenty killed and many wounded, besides prisoners. The same advices represent the Carlists as increasing, and organizing themselves in the Basque Provinces, Navarre, and Alava, as well as in Catalonia, Valencia, Aragon, and Andalusia. They are advancing from Catalonia towards Aragon, and from Navarre towards Castille. On the frontier of Portugal great agitation prevails, and in some of the towns it is found necessary to maintain strong garrisons in order to overawe the the malcontents. The sum of 400,000,000 reals—£4,000,000—has been voted by the Assembly for the mobilization of 100,000 volunteers, who are to garrison the towns in the Basque Provinces, Catalonia, and Navarre, while the army is employed *en masse* to crush the Carlists. We shall see whether this delicate compliment to the strength of the enemy will be appreciated more than the tears and supplications of General Pavia. The priest, Santa Cruz, has caused a woman to be shot for receiving money from the Republican authorities for acting as a spy on certain Carlists of her town.

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PASSED AWAY.

Monsignor Chalandon, Archbishop of Aix, who died at the archiepiscopal palace on Friday week.

Mr. N. T. Hicks, once a famous actor at the Surrey-side theatres in the old school of melodrama. He died of dropsy in the sixty-third year of his age.

William Stack, who lost an arm in the conflict between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*. He was captain's coxswain for seven years. Stack had attained the age of eighty-eight, and his relatives say he was the last survivor of the *Shannon's* crew.

Mrs. Anastasia Dolby, who was in early life embroideress to the Queen, and whose works on "Church Embroidery, Ancient and Modern," and "Church Vestments: their Origin, Use, and Ornament," are books of standard authority. Mrs. Dolby, who was the wife of Mr. Edwin Dolby, the water-colour painter, died in her forty-eighth year.

George Mizen, the jockey, who committed suicide last week, at his residence at Chantilly, by jumping down a well attached to the premises. A small scrap of paper was found beside the well, on which was written, "This is my last day. Good bye.—George Mizen." Deceased had ridden the winners of several of the principal races in France.

Admiral Robert Craigie, unexpectedly, at his residence, West Cliff, Dawlish, on Sunday. He was seventy-three years of age, and had spent sixty years in the naval service. His chief exploits were in suppressing the slave trade on the African coast at the time when such service involved more risk than now.

M. Charles Bovy, better known to the musical world by his pseudonym of "Lysburg." He was the son of Antoine Bovy, the celebrated engraver of medals, and was born in Geneva in the year 1821, where he prosecuted his initial studies in music. He soon won fame as a pianist as well as a composer. Among his best known works are "Romances sans Paroles," "Etudes de Salon," "Napolitana," "Fontaine," and the "Réveil des Oiseaux."

Admiral Hotham, who was born in 1794, and entering the navy at an extremely early age, in 1803, saw much stirring service. In 1806 he was present at the defence of Gaeta, and the storming of Capri; in 1809 he took part in the Walcheren expedition; the following year he was at the siege of Cadiz; in 1813 was engaged in the operations against Fiume, Rovigno, and Trieste; and in April 1814, accompanied Louis XVIII. to France. He retired on half-pay in 1846, and became an admiral on the retired list in 1863.

Robert Graves, A.R.A., the last member of the Associate of Engravers of the old class of the Royal Academy, and elder brother of Henry Graves, of Pall Mall. His death occurred on the evening of the 28th of February, at his house in Grove-terrace, Highgate-road, in his seventy-fifth year, leaving the line engraving of "Lady Bowater," by Gainsborough, now exhibiting at the Royal Academy, unfinished. His last complete plate was the portrait of Charles Dickens, after W. P. Frith, R.A., for the second volume of Mr. Forster's "Life." He was elected a member of the Royal Academy in 1836.

Philippe Paul, Comte de Segur, one of the generals of the First Empire, and also an eminent writer and the senior member of the French Academy. The late Count came of an ancient family, which early declared for Napoleon. After the Revolution of July, Louis Philippe appointed him Lieut.-General and a peer of France. After 1848 he withdrew altogether into private life, having been decorated Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour only the year before. As a writer, his most famous work was the "History of Napoleon and the Great Army" during the year 1812, out of which grew a duel with General Gourgand. This, with other historical works, justified his election to the Académie Francaise, in the place of M. Levis, in 1830.

Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.—A portrait model of his late Imperial Majesty NAPOLEON III, lying in state is now added. Napoleon relics. "The most remarkable thing in the museum," says M. de Cassagnac, "is the grand physiognomy of Napoleon I." Everything connected with him has been collected with admirable care.—Admission 1s. Children under ten, 6d. Extra rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.—[Advt.]

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

M. THIERS IN THE TRIBUNE.

It is one of the peculiarities of French Parliamentary proceedings that of discussion, in the English sense of the word, there is little or none. Each orator comes prepared with a set speech, which he delivers with little reference to what has gone before or to what may come after. Whoever he may be, he is certain to be constantly interrupted. If he is ready at repartee—like M. Gambetta, for instance—he replies to each interruption as it rises, and, by dint of crushing one adversary after another, he contrives at last to get an impatient hearing. If he is slow and inoffensive, the number of combatants increases, until he is at last hounded out of the tribune. If he is obstinate and thick-skinned, he puts his written speech down before him, and, indifferent to jeers, shrieks, menaces, and tumult, reads it through to the end for the sole edification of himself and the official stenographers at his feet. This peculiarity is due, not only to the love of display, which is conspicuous in the French character, but also to the habit of making even the shortest speech from the prominence of the tribune.

This elaborate edifice is placed, as is shown in our engraving, in the middle of the stage of the Versailles Theatre. The pit—covered over and raised to one level with the stage—is filled with Deputies; the boxes are crowded to excess; and in the front rows of every tier are ranged, dressed in all their bravest finery, the handsomest and noblest representatives of the fair sex, which has always played a most conspicuous part in French politics. On such a stage, in presence of such an audience, every speaker becomes an actor. He has studied his part carefully; all he has to do is to deliver it well. If he speaks his "lines" with telling effect, applause is sure to follow. But woe betide him if his memory fail, or if he stumble or hesitate in first stepping on the boards. He will find no mercy at the hands of his audience; for the pit is filled with brother-actors, rivals in his own walk, aspirants for the leading business, who watch carefully for a chance of walking over his body to the rostrum, from which each makes sure that he can bring down the house. This custom of speaking only from the stage leads to long speeches being delivered to which no one thinks of making any reply.

It will be remembered that one of the points that led to the formation of the committee of Thirty was the question raised as to the right of M. Thiers to address the House. Out of the almost inextricable confusion of reports and amendments, in which that body has enveloped the subjects of its discussions the fact that he has the right in question seems established. Accordingly on Tuesday, after earnest endeavours had been made to induce him to declare whether he adhered to the policy, laid down by M. Dufaure, he rose slowly and ascended the tribune, from which he has been so long absent. A thrill of surprise and curiosity at once ran through the Assembly, conversation was hushed, and an almost painful silence ensued, to be broken only by the well-known accents of the President's voice. The Mountain, however, as usual, only produced a mouse, for excitment and anticipation were brought to an abrupt termination by M. Thiers briefly announcing in a weak, but distinct voice that he would not speak on the subject till the following day.

As already mentioned, the tribune, which is a kind of low pulpit, stands on the stage of the theatre, facing the rows of benches occupied by the deputies. Round its foot are placed the seats and tables of the various reporters, and behind it is the elevated desk, at which the President of the Assembly, M. Grévy, takes his position, flanked by the secretaries. Behind the President stand two huissiers, or eryers, in black court suits, with swords and chains, and several more of these gentlemen are stationed about the chamber. Their duty is to bellow for that silence which is never to be obtained.

THE CARLISTS.

That Spain is in anything but a satisfactory state may be gathered from the condition of affairs in Catalonia and Navarre. In the former province the Carlists are completely masters of the situation; except in the large towns, they levy and collect contributions, and perform all other acts as if they were the constituted authorities. In Navarre their numbers are less numerous, probably about three or four thousand in all; but they run riot with impunity. In small detachments they cut telegraph wires, tear up railroads, and fire, on passenger trains. On friendly terms with the peasantry, they find shelter in the cottages, the owners of which are Carlist to the backbone; and they defy the troops quartered in the villages who pass their time in the *ventas*, smoking and card-playing for coppers, with beans for markers, only turning out when too late for their services to be of requisition. The Carlists are well paid—and so they should be, for their calling is one of extreme risk, as when caught they are immediately shot, without mercy or trial. Amongst their chiefs are many scions of the first families, who risk their lives and fortunes in the hope of placing Don Carlos on the throne. As to Don Carlos himself, it appears impossible to ascertain his real whereabouts. The other day he was said to have gone into Spain, and to have resolutely put himself at the head of his followers. The next we hear of him is that he has recrossed the frontier, and is once more on French soil. The Prefect of the Basses-Pyrenees has been called up to Versailles, in all probability to give explanations as to the Carlists, and the facility with which they seem to pass backward and forward whenever they have occasion to do so. It is extremely difficult—it is impossible—to put a complete stop to them. The French Government cannot have an army all along the frontier line from Bayonne to Perpignan.

Our engraving represents a band of the daring fellows who, under the command of Olla, have been attacking the town of Miravalles, and threatening Bilbao. The men under the leadership of this chief are almost all Basques, and are the finest soldiers for hill-fighting in the world, as was proved by their deeds in the first Carlist war. They wear the national cap of their province, which greatly resembles the Lowland bonnet.

THE CARNIVAL IN MADRID.

The political crisis through which the Spanish capital passed last week seems in no way to have interfered with the celebration of the carnival, nor to have diminished the zest with which the populace entered into the various amusements in vogue at this festive season. Whilst the Sub-Commission of the Cortes were discussing the basis of settlement presented by the Republicans with closed doors, and in a building filled with armed civil guards, the populace outside were enjoying themselves to their heart's content.

The carriage roads were all crowded, and the side-walks were only to be traversed at the slowest pace, so dense was the throng. The Madrilenos and Madrilenas seem to understand thoroughly the art of making guys of themselves. While grotesqueness reigned everywhere, most of the costumes were tasteful and elegant. The chief amusement seemed to consist in dressing oneself up in a fantastic dress of flaming scarlet, in burying one's head in a pasteboard mask, in standing in the mud, in running after a carriage full of ladies, in jumping up behind, and in making the ladies laugh and blush by saying things to them from under the mask that would not be exactly permissible were it off. Not that there was any license of speech in the sense of coarseness. The fun of the thing is in mystifying and embarrassing the party spoken to by showing an acquaintance with what were supposed to be secrets, in paying outrageous compliments, or making wildly fantastic declarations of attachment. The maskers may take all sorts of liberties. No introduction is needed, and to decline to listen to a mask would be considered bad manners according to the carnival code. Many Republican emblems were displayed, and one of the most prominent features in the procession down the Prado was a carriage containing a young girl, dressed up to represent the young Republic, escorted by a number of attendants, wearing the Phrygian cap of liberty, on foot and on horseback.

THE CARNIVAL IN PARIS.

The Carnival in Paris passed off very quietly this year. Shrove Tuesday went by without the presence in the streets of the cavalcade of the Fat Ox and its attendant train of heathen goddesses, shivering with cold, drunken savages, and infantine Cupids, destitute of pocket handkerchiefs, for under the apprehension that the Prefecture of Police would refuse permission, as it did last year, for the once customary procession to be held, an application was made in its favour. However, all the public balls were well attended by the usual cohort of maskers.

On Shrove Tuesday the Grand Opera added hunting horns and choral accompaniments to its noisy orchestra; while Valentino, the paradise of the Englishman in Paris, and the Chatelet ball were thronged. The last-named establishment can be visited for the small sum of two francs, and the bills gravely set forth that "greatcoats must be taken off at the doors, and no gentleman can be admitted unless wearing a high hat." To enumerate the peculiarities of the numerous dancing saloons and halls of eccentric choregraphy would take a volume, as each trade and profession of the city has its peculiar haunt. Our engraving represents the corner of the Rue Lepelletier, leading from the Boulevard des Italiens to the Grand Opera, on Shrove Tuesday. Numerous masks on foot and n carriages are hastening to the scene of revelry, despite the unpropitious state of the weather, which was an alternate series of showers and fogs. The fog, indeed, melted at length into the form of heavy rain, which sent many a thinly-clad *débardeur* scampering home from the numerous balls, wet to the skin.

The Carnival had a far from pleasant conclusion, for as a band of maskers were rolling along the Boulevards in the early morning after the balls in a washerwoman's cart, Harlequin quarrelled with Punch, and both accoutred as they were tumbled out of the carriage to fight out their quarrel. They went at each other kicking and tearing and plunging and shrieking. A woman attired as Columbine, attempted to separate them, and broke her right leg and arm. Another nymph, dressed as Diana, broke her wrist and two ribs; a Red Indian, the very counterpart of the man in Gerome's picture of "The Duel after the Masquerade," broke his arm, and the others who fell out of the cart escaped with some severe contusions.

THE WRECK OF THE "LALLA ROOKH."

The *Lalla Rookh*, which now lies totally wrecked at Prawle Point, Devon, was a splendid vessel, built in 1856, at Liverpool, and owned by Messrs. Adams and Co., of that port. She left Shanghai for London with 1,300 tons of tea and 40 tons of tobacco. She sighted Eddystone at three o'clock on Monday morning, and Prawle Lights at 4.30; but, by some blunder, steered on to Prawle Point. The watchman saw her approach, and hailed her from the cliffs to tack. This was attempted, but the vessel missed her stays, and came ashore so close that four of the crew slung from the bows on to the rocks and escaped. Captain Fullerton was instantly on deck, and behaved throughout with great intrepidity. The starboard lifeboat was launched, but stove in and became useless. The port lifeboat was then launched, and ten men got in her, but she was swamped, and the occupants thrown into the sea. In spite of the darkness and a heavy sea, the men succeeded in getting back on board the ship, except a Mr. Thomas Groves, who was drowned, although every effort was made to save him. One of the crew on shore climbed up the rocks and called out the coastguard, who were quickly on the spot with their rocket apparatus, with which they succeeded in saving those on board within thirty minutes. It being evident that the ship was likely to break up before morning, the crew and others were engaged to save part of the sails and rigging. The cargo is utterly spoilt. The crew are lodged at Prawle village, and will be sent to their homes. They have lost everything.

THE EXPULSION OF MONSIGNOR MERMILLOD.

The differences which have existed for some time past between the Swiss Government and the Roman Catholic clergy of the Helvetian Republic on the subject of Papal supremacy were brought to a climax by the decree of expulsion pronounced by the Federal Council against Monsignor Mermillod, the Bishop of Geneva and Apostolic Vicar. In pursuance of this decree, Monsignor Mermillod was visited on the 17th February by M. Coulin, the chief of police, who summoned him to leave the Swiss territory immediately. The bishop, who had assembled the priests of Notre Dame in his house, where the arrest took place, dictated a protest against the proceedings of the Federal Council, which they joined him in signing. The police accorded Monsignor Mermillod only a few minutes' preparation, during which he was not allowed out of sight. Being conducted to the door, where a one-horse cab was in waiting, the bishop wished to walk, but finally consented to enter the vehicle to avoid all chance of disturbance, declaring at the same time that he only yielded to force. When asked where he wished to be taken, he replied that he had no orders to give. The Commissary of Police then directed the vehicle towards Ferney, four and a half miles from Geneva, nearly a mile beyond the French frontier, and the scene of Voltaire's exile. Upon reaching the frontier, Monsignor Mermillod left his cab, and, after solemnly blessing the canton of Geneva, which he had just quitted, walked to Ferney, accompanied by four priests, who had followed in another vehicle. They entered the church of Ferney, where the curé of the parish came to offer hospitality, which was accepted.

Since his residence at Ferney he has been daily visited by hundreds of sympathizers, and has received numerous addresses of condolence, amongst which is one from Archbishop Manning. It is dated February 21, and after felicitating him on the grace accorded him by the Divine Master in recompense of his fidelity, Dr. Manning says "that not only the Catholic world, but the world of good sense, is indignant at the odious and ridiculous persecution of which you have been the happy object." Two things, he says, will follow it inevitably; the purification of the Church in Switzerland from all infection of mundane Catholicism, Old and Liberal, and the confusion of those unbelievers, rationalists, philosophers, and Calvinists, who have honoured Monsignor Mermillod with their decrees and their gendarmes.

The decision of the Federal Council has been severely commented upon even in Switzerland. At Geneva it excited the liveliest emotion, and immense numbers of the inhabitants of that city have flocked across the frontier in order to express their sympathy with their bishop.

At the request of 300 Roman Catholics, Father Hyacinthe Loyson is going to preach at Geneva. The letter of Father Hyacinthe says that he will preach to those who are resolved not to surrender either to Ultramontanism or unbelief.

THE FOYER OF THE PARIS OPERA.

The Foyer or Lobby of the Opera at Paris has always been the great centre of intrigue and mystification during the masked balls which take place in that building at Carnival time. Whilst the parti-coloured crowd within the theatre itself are howling, whooping, yelping, screeching, stamping, and dancing like so many demons broken loose, a vast amount of quiet fun is carried on here by the select visitors; for everybody is not admitted to the foyer, it being reserved for gentlemen in evening dress and ladies in dominoes only. The quiet chaff, which can only be practised under cover of a mask, is carried on with more or less success according to the wit of those who indulge in it, but decorum, at least in actions, prevail. We said that ladies are only admitted in dominoes and gentlemen in full evening dress, but sometimes one of the former sex manages to slip in disguised in the latter costume. The clock of the foyer is the usual spot for appointments.

NEW rules relating to the royal parks and gardens have been substituted for those which appeared on the 1st of last October, and which brought Mr. Ayrton no inconsiderable share of odium, besides subjecting some well-known popular agitators to the unpleasant interference of a police-magistrate. By the regulations just issued velocipedes are forbidden to enter the parks. This is, perhaps, a necessary restriction. Another prohibition forbids bathers to wash themselves on the bank, or to use soap in bathing. We rather incline to look with jealousy upon such refinements in legislation as these; and we should feel some sympathy with an ignorant working man if at 5.30 a.m, on a summer's morning, he chose to rub himself with soap before taking his dip, and got fined £5 for having done so.

THE modern clause known as the "interpretation clause," now commonly introduced into Acts of Parliament, sometimes contains some remarkable definitions. In the Darlington Improvement Act of last session, it is declared and enacted that "the term 'new building' means any building pulled or burned down to or within ten feet from the surface of the adjoining ground.

A SERIOUS fire broke out at an early hour on Saturday morning last, on the premises of Messrs. Branstone and Co., army contractors, York-road, King's-cross, the supposed cause being over-heating in the drying store. The fire had made great progress before it was discovered, and by the time the engines came the flames were issuing from the roof, and rising high in the air, with a brilliancy which was remarked for miles round. Despite the efforts of Captain Shaw and his brigade, the conflagration continued to rage furiously for several hours. The roof at last fell in, and after this the fire went on diminishing, but nothing was left of the building but the bare walls.

AN inquest has been held at Hanwell on the body of Isaac Smith. The deceased was found lying in the road near Hayes-bridge, about 9.30 p.m., partly unconscious. He was taken to a neighbouring public-house, where he was laid on the ground for upwards of half-an-hour when a mounted policeman, named Stanley, came up and said, "Put him under the lamp, that I may see if any of his ribs are broken." He did not, however, get off his horse to examine the man, but "only walked the horse round him," and, concluding that he was drunk, rode off for a fly, in which the deceased was taken to the police-station. After he had been there some time the police-surgeon was summoned, who found that the man had sustained serious injuries by being run over, and in the course of the night he died. The jury returned a verdict of "accidental death," adding their opinion that the policeman Stanley "did not exercise due care of the deceased during the time he was in his charge."

EARLY last Saturday morning, it is alleged, a robbery was committed at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover. On Friday afternoon two persons, calling themselves Captain and Mrs. Maitland, came over from Calais and proceeded to the hotel. About four o'clock on Saturday morning Mrs. Maitland pulled her bell violently, and said that she had been robbed of her jewels, purse, and other articles of value. It subsequently transpired that she was returning to London from Russia, and that on the way from Paris to Calais she had made the acquaintance of "Captain Maitland." Returning to her room after a short absence, she found that he had gone away with the property alluded to.

BAYARD TAYLOR has added one more illustration to the many extant of Mr. Greeley's aptness at repartee. There used to be a paper in New York, called the *Evening Mirror*, edited by a certain Hirman Fuller, afterwards the editor of a weekly paper in London. He imagined his little sheet to be the most important journal in the city, and was in the habit of asking his acquaintances, "Have you read the *Mirror* to-day?" At a dinner he addressed this question to Mr. Greeley. The latter, with an indescribable drawl replied, "Why, no; I never buy the *Mirror*: I'm afraid of exhausting the edition!"

THE Postmaster-Generel has now under his consideration the expediency of considerably reducing charges for telegrams, and of adopting a system of receipts, by which means proof an be readily afforded of the delivery of messages.

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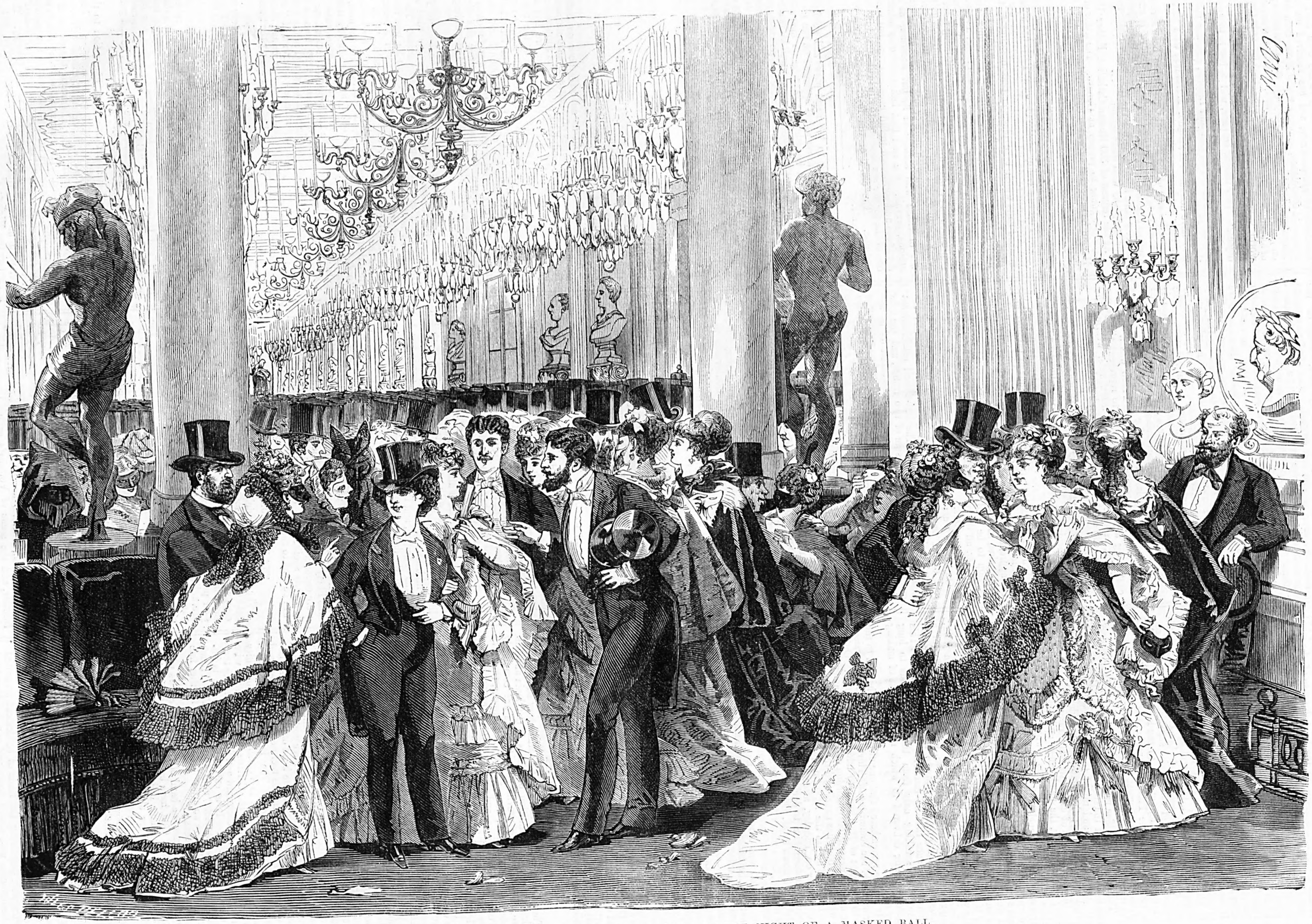
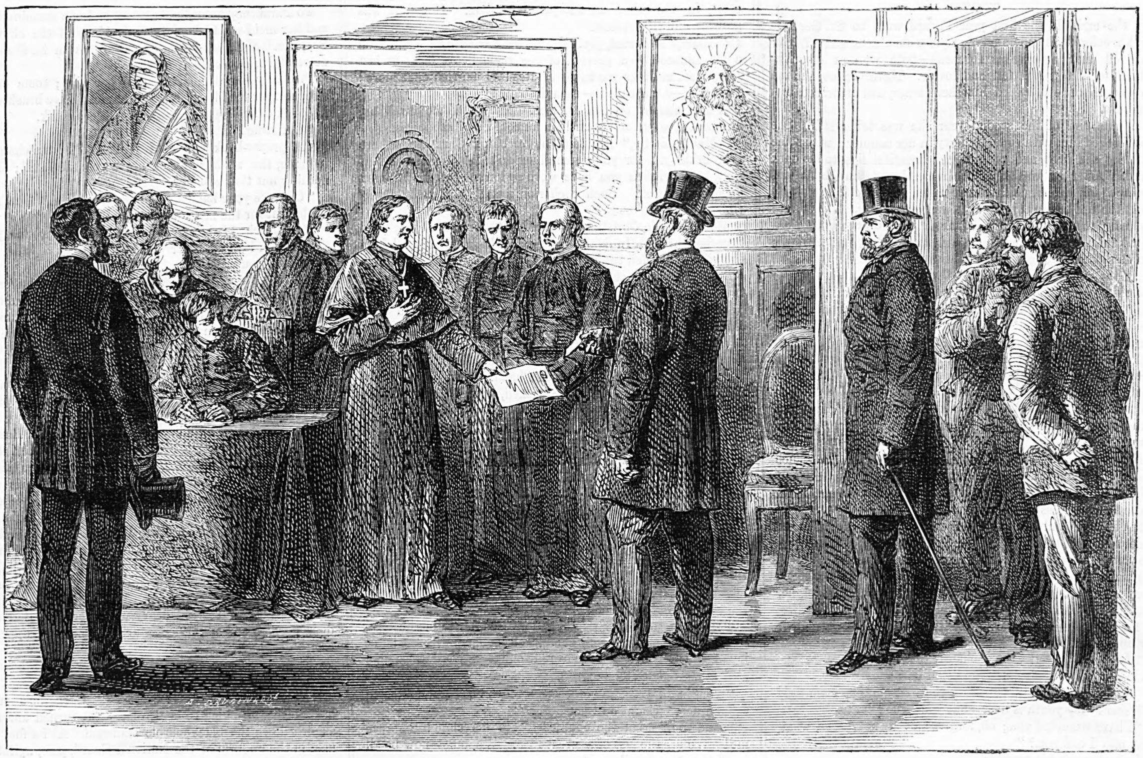
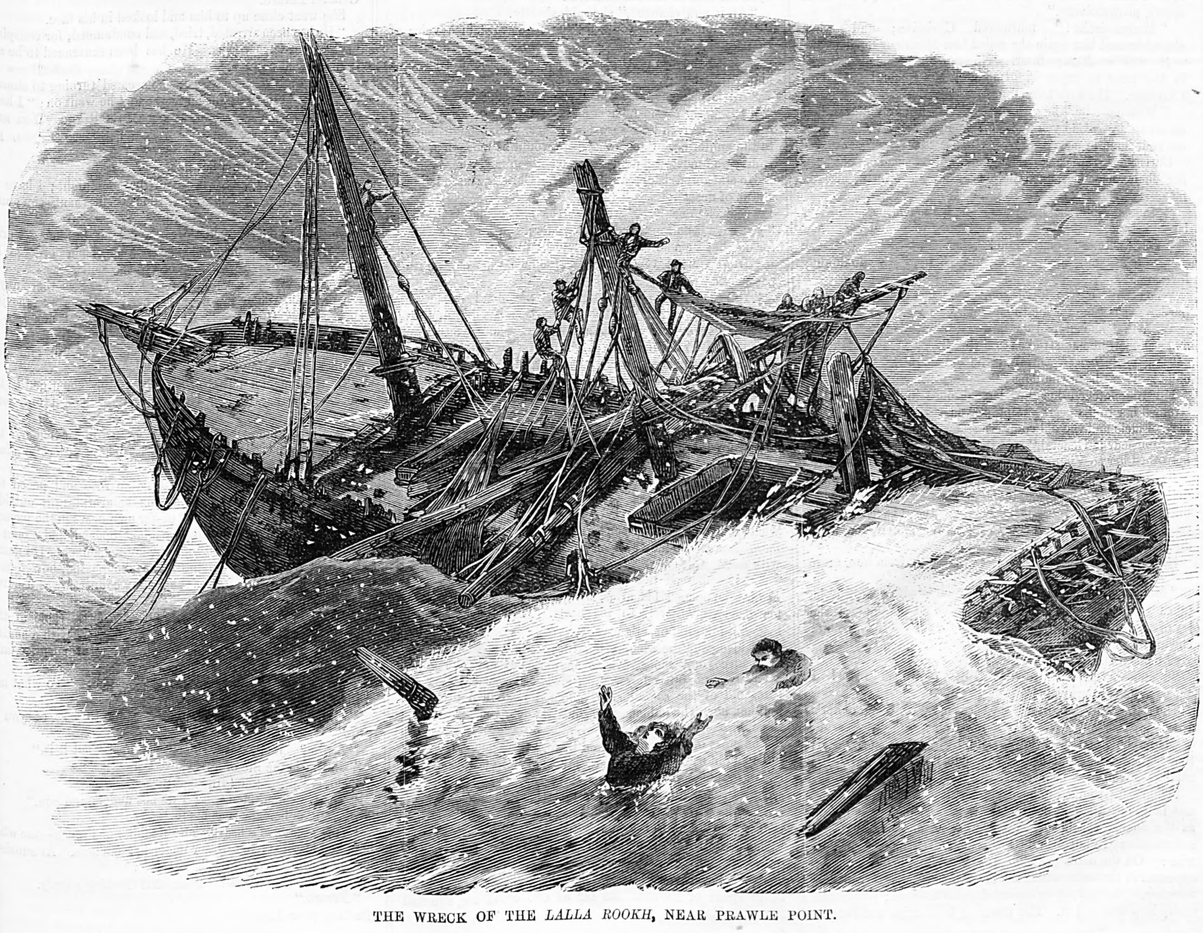


THE SALOON OF THE GRAND OPERA AT PARIS ON THE NIGHT OF A MASKED BALL.



THE ARREST AND EXPULSION OF BISHOP MERMILLOD FROM SWITZERLAND.



THE WRECK OF THE *LALLA ROOKH*, NEAR PRAWLE POINT.

THE CROSS OF PEARLS.

CHAPTER II.

At the end of the first year Favard went to St. Germain with a colonel's epaulets on his square shoulders, and a frightful red scar across his forehead—both won at Aboukir. Christine had grown tall and lovely. Nevertheless, she ran to him as of old, called him her father, and embraced him tenderly.

At the end of the second year she was taller still. She approached him with some timidity in her manner; with some timidity she bent and pressed her beautiful lips to his dark hand. After he was gone she remembered that he had not returned her caress, neither once called her his child.

At the end of the third year it was even worse. There were no embraces; they held aloof from each other; both were silent, both grave. When he would have spoken, Jean Favard's words seemed to stick fast in his throat.

At the end of the fourth year Christine came back again to the old house in the Rue St. Honore.

It was Fidele's birthday, and the good old woman had made a great festival in the garden of the house. The old countess had hobbled down to join them, and was sitting, sour and cold on the wooden bench beneath the apricots. Jean Favard opened the door in the wall and came through from Monsieur Victor's garden. He wore the gold embroidery of a chief of brigade; he was hacked with a dozen fresh scars; his dark face was stern and repellant: he looked a man grown old before his time.

But she—the young creature who rose from the bench beside the old countess, and advanced to meet him—if as a child she had been lovely, she was ravishing as a woman. Her white festival dress was decked with violets—her face was like a star, as white and luminous; her dark, delusive eyes dreamed under long and languid lashes; over her milky neck and bosom showered her yellow hair in riotous curls and clusters: she still wore about her throat the mourning ribbon, with the wooden cross attached. Like a young deer she approached him, her head up, the breath coming feverishly through her scarlet lips. As for Favard, his dark face grew like ashes—he could neither stir nor speak.

"*Mon père*," faltered the enchanting creature at last.

He started as if stung. The blood burnt in his face.

"True, you ought still to call me that. I am old, I am ugly with scars—my youth is over—but you—you!"

"I have wounded you; oh, forgive me! If not father, what, then, may I call you?"

His look made her tremble.

"There is a name—but no!—I am mad! We must not spoil Fidele's feast. Come, all things are ready; let us be merry, mademoiselle."

"Mademoiselle!" murmered Christine; and when she addressed him again she called him Monsieur le General.

It was a dreary feast. No one but Fidele seemed in the least to enjoy it. Suddenly the general turned to Christine. His eyes burned her like coals.

"Mademoiselle," he said, sharply, "Monsieur Victor waited on me to-day. Can you guess his business? It was to ask of me your hand in marriage."

Christine grew hot, then cold. She leaned back in her chair, her eyes fixed helplessly on his swarth, scarred face.

"Mademoiselle, he his young—he his handsome—he has a large fortune."

"You wish me to marry him?" she said.

"He loves you," answered Favard, coldly, "you, no doubt; love him."

"You wish me to leave you, then; you are tired of your burden; it is time for me to be gone."

With that she slipped forward and fell at his feet, as white and still as if he had stricken her dead."

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" shrieked the old countess "the poor child! What have you done?"

Favard snatched her up, looked once in her face, then strained her to his heart—wept, prayed, raved, and sobbed over her. Fidele and the old countess stood aghast.

"Monsieur le General," said the latter, severely, "you have betrothed her to Victor?"

"Great heaven! no, he shall never have her; I will kill her first!" cried Favard, his tears and kisses raining on her unconscious face. "Christine, wake! Say that I have not killed you! Look at me! Speak to me! Wake, or I, too, must die!"

Her eyes opened. Favard put her gently from him, arose and stood before her, humble, yet proud.

"Mademoiselle, if Gustave loves you, so also do I. If he takes you from me, he takes all the life, all the light, all the joy of the world! You see that I suffer. Speak quickly, and choose between us."

She put forth her hand.

"I choose you! I love you! I owe all things to you! I am yours, and yours only!"

Then, all else forgotten, they rushed into each other's arms.

"Humph!" muttered the old countess, "it is even as I said; they will marry. But she is too dainty for this *bourgeoise* soldier; she has the beauty of a duchess."

Fidele's feast ended in a solemn betrothal. At the close of one long, blissful month, in which these lovers were as happy as the angels, the betrothal would have ended in a still more solemn marriage but for a little accident. It happened in this wise: On the night preceding the ceremony the old countess appeared in the *salon* where the lovers and Fidele were sitting together. She had put on a court-dress of brocade; jewels and costly lace adorned it. Her towering head-dress was such as Marie Antoinette might have worn at the court-balls at Versailles. She had in one hand a paper bearing the imperial crest, in the other an antique jewel-box. Her face was glowing and triumphant.

"Again," she cried, joyously, "I am a countess! again I am a De Liancourt—a peeress of the realm! At last—at last Bonaparte restores me to my estates! I am rich once more! I am rich—I am kinless—I am desolate!"

A dark shadow crossed her face. She opened the jewel-box, and took from its velvet cushion a necklace of sapphires.

"Mademoiselle," she said, approaching Christine, "here is a bridal-gift for you; something to take the place of that ugly black ribbon you have worn so long. Let me fasten it about your neck. Such a charming neck, and such an ugly ribbon!"

With a smile Christine suffered her to loose the black band from her throat. In doing this the wooden cross slipped from the ribbon and fell to the floor. Favard picked it up. As he did so his hand touched a little spring concealed in the base of the cross. The coarse casing of wood flew wide open. Within it they all saw a Maltese cross of unburnished gold, set with pearls of enormous size—the Cross that Louis XVI. of France had given to Gaston, Count De Liancourt. A heart-rending cry broke from the old countess. She snatched the glittering bauble from Favard's hand.

"Mother of Mercy!" she shrieked, "what do I see! In the name of God, mademoiselle, how came you by this?"

"Someone must have concealed it there," answered Christine, in great agitation; "Mother Simon, perhaps. She bade me wear the cross, because it was my father's."

"Your father! Who was he?" shrieked the countess.

"Madame, I know not. Mother Simon fled from Paris with me in the days of terror. She carried me to the camp. My Father was then dead."

"Mother Simon," gasped the countess; "that was Fifine. The child was entrusted to her; the cross was sent to her from the prison of the Luxembourg, and I—oh great heaven!—I heard and believed long ago that all had perished together in the massacre of La Vendée."

Then she snatched Christine and pressed her to her heart.

"My child—my child—my child!" she sobbed, with the fierce joy of a lioness over her recovered young. Favard arose pale as death. Fidele stood aghast.

"You," said Christine, with white lips, "are the mother of the murdered Count de Liancourt?"

"And you," cried the countess, "are his child! Embrace me! We are the last of a great race. We must now be all in all to each other."

Christine turned and looked at Favard. A smarting red dyed the face of the old countess.

"All is now changed," she said, shortly.

"Madame, explain yourself!" cried Favard, in a voice of thunder.

Holding the arm of Christine, the old aristocrat transfixed him with her eyes.

"All is changed, monsieur," she repeated, loudly. "You will not marry to-morrow. She is of the *noblesse*, you of the *canaille*—the men who slew her father, who brought her kin to the guillotine. Such a marriage would be more than monstrous; you must see, monsieur, that it can never be."

He staggered back, as if struck. Christine stood like a statue of despair.

"She is mine now," went on the old woman, pitilessly; "you have been kind to her, monsieur; you have done much for her, but I am now rich again, and I will repay it twice over."

Favard started towards her. His face was dark, bitter, passionate.

"You take her from me and talk of payment! Madame la Comtesse, you add insult to injury. She has been mine all these years, she is doubly mine now; you cannot, you will not part us! I do not hear you aright; I am dreaming."

"On the contrary, you are wide awake," said the countess, coldly. "Monsieur, you cannot marry her without my consent; that consent you shall never have. No *sans culotte* can wed my granddaughter; no Bonapartist can mate with the last of a race who held it joy to die for their rightful kings. Monsieur, I tell you it is impossible! Bid her farewell at once; we cannot linger another moment here."

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* spare me!" cried Christine, through white lips.

"Unhappy child!" cried the countess, "you know not what you say. I save you from the worst of all fates—a *mesalliance*. To-morrow you will forget him. Come, now with me."

Fidele embraced the half-fainting girl with tears. As for Favard, he opened his arms, and, with a great cry, pressed her once convulsively to his heart. Then they stood and looked up in each other's eyes.

"I love you," he whispered, with pale lips.

"I love you," she strove to answer, but only shuddered. There was no other farewell. Slowly she receded over the threshold of the *salon;* slowly, like a man in a dream, he pursued her. The old countess shut the door sharply between them.

The cross of pearls had parted them, as it seemed, for ever.

To an old chateau in Brittany Madame la Comtesse carried off her granddaughter. For two long years she kept her there, secluded like a nun. If, during this time, Favard sought to see her, he never succeeded. The old countess spoke of him rarely, and with scornful rage.

The first year at the chateau Christine wept ceaselessly, and grew pale and thin. The second year she laughed and was merry. Her beauty assumed a cold, dazzling brilliancy. She never spoke of Favard. As far as one could see, she had forgotten him.

"Good!" said the countess; "we may now return to Paris."

To Paris they accordingly came, and one morning Christine and her maid went alone to early Mass at the church of St. Surplice. She glided up to the altar, and in its shadow knelt down and tried to pray.

Presently some one moved to her side; some one knelt. also, so near that her velvet dress must have brushed against him. A dark, haggard man in a military cloak.

"Christine!"

The prayer-book slipped from her hold; the chant seemed to cease, the world and her heart to stand still; she heard nothing but that whisper.

"Give me your hand a moment; no one is observing. Let me hold it for the last time in mine."

She stretched it blindly to him under her shrouding mantle.

"Do you love me still?" he asked.

"I love you still!"

"Look at me, then, and see how I have suffered. To morrow I depart for the Rhine. Long ago I dedicated my life to you and to France. You are now torn from me forever; France alone is left. I pray to return no more!"

"Farewell!" sobbed Christine, in bitter despair. "Farewell, *mon ami* farewell!"

He staggered to his feet, drew his military cloak about his face, and went away, leaving her fainting at the very steps of the altar.

After that, dark days began to draw near. All Europe was in arms. France stood overwhelmed in that series of tremendous disasters that began at Moscow and culminated at Waterloo. On the day the Allies entered Paris the old Comtesse de Liancourt departed from it, yielded up her life in the solitary grandeur of the Faubourg Saint Germain.

It was a dark, dreary night in Paris. Midnight had already struck, yet no one slept. The city was full of foreign troops. Waterloo, and the awful confusion that followed, weighed like a pall on every heart. The Countess Christine had retired to her chamber, but not to sleep. Dark forebodings oppressed her; the very air seemed heavy with disaster. Suddenly the door opened, and a servant, startled and pale, appeared on the threshold.

"Countess," she said, "a messenger waits below with news."

"News! Of what? Of whom?" Christine's prophetic heart leaped choking to her throat. She turned and fled like a spirit down the black-marble staircase. At its foot stood a man in the uniform of the National Guard, pale, agitated, disordered. It was Gustave Victor.

"Countess," he cried, breathlessly, "I bring you news of General Favard."

She went close up to him and looked in his face.

"He has been arrested, tried, and condemned, for conspiring in the return from Elba. He has been sentenced to be shot to-morrow at sunrise."

She did not stir nor speak; she seemed turning to stone.

"I arrived in Paris but an hour ago," he went on; "I heard of his sentence, and came at once to tell you You are a Royalist—you have influence with the Bourbons—you, perhaps, can save him."

A shriek broke from her lips.

"True! Monsieur, it is already past midnight; I have not a moment to lose; some other time I will thank you; now, adieu!"

She fled to her chamber, dressed herself in blackest crape put the cross of pearls in her bosom, then ordered her carriage, and drove with all speed to the Tuileries.

If there was no sleep in the city, neither was there any in the palace. When the countess arrived the king was just sitting down to supper. An officer conducted her into an ante-chamber adjoining the royal cabinet to wait.

One hour, that seemed interminable, passed, and then another. Christine could bear it no longer.

"I come upon a matter of life and death," she urged to the officer in waiting. "Beg his majesty to see me, if only for a moment."

"He is holding speech with the Emperor Alexander," the officer answered; "upon his departure I have orders to admit the countess."

Unable to contain herself, Christine rose and paced the chamber. Splash, splash, went the mournful rain outside. She could hear the terrible beat of her own heart in the pauses. At last the door of the king's cabinet opened, and a man of magnificent figure stepped into the ante-chamber. He gazed at her in undisguised admiration as he passed, bowed and withdrew. A moment after the young countess was ushered into the royal presence.

Louis XVIII., gross and fat, sat at a little table in the centre of his cabinet. He beckoned her forward with a smile; nevertheless, the look on his face was one of surprise, and even annoyance.

"What has happened, countess?" he said. "To what am I indebted for this late visit?"

"Sire," answered Christine, "I come to beg of you a gift."

"A gift? Well, speak out; let us hear what it is."

"Sire, it is the life of a friend."

The king started and frowned.

"Speak plainer, countess; I do not understand you."

She fell on her knees at his feet.

"It is the life of a brave man—a soldier of France—one who has shed his blood like water under her banners. At sunrise he will be shot as a traitor."

"His name, countess?" demanded the king sternly.

"Favard."

His face grew dark.

"Countess, it grieves me to refuse you, but with these executions I cannot—I will not meddle. This Favard has been tried and condemned; he must be punished. On the return from Elba he was one of the first to desert to Bonaparte with the whole brigade. He is a traitor; he must die!"

"Sire! sire!" She flung her clenched white hands upward; she did not sob nor weep, but her great anguish convulsed her from head to foot. "I do not ask what he has done. Give me his life—his life! Give me his life, or I, too, must die!"

The king looked down on her in deep amaze.

"This man is your lover then, countess?" he said, angrily.

She wrung her hands.

"We were betrothed once—long ago, sire."

"Then I am sorry for you!" said the king, coldly." She knew only too well what he meant.

"Sire, you refuse, then, to pardon him?''

"Countess, I refuse."

She arose from her kneeling attitude. From her bosom she drew the cross of pearls. She held it towards him in the light of the cabinet.

"Sire, do you know this."

He took it in his hand; he looked at it earnestly. A faint agitation overspread his face.

"I do! I do!"

She flung back her head.

"Sire, my father died in this palace, defending it for his king. I ask you now to redeem the promise made by your dead to my dead. 'Bring this cross,' he said, 'and ask what you will of me or mine, and it shall be given you!' Sire, there is the cross; give me the life of Jean Favard!"

The king looked strangely moved.

"Great Heaven! countess, what frightful memories you recall! I have heard the story! De Liancourt! Ah, yes, there was a gallant, a devoted soul! You disturb me greatly; let me think."

He arose and walked about the cabinet. Christine stood motionless, her shining eyes fixed upon him. It was a weary while before he spoke. Then he advanced and held out to her with trembling hand, the cross of pearls.

"This conquers me," he said, brokenly.

He sat down at the table, drew forth a sheet of paper, wrote a few lines thereon, and signed and sealed it with the royal seal. Then he flung wide open the window of his cabinet. Harror! The east was already glowing with the dawn.

"Ride with all speed to the Luxembourg," he cried; "he will be shot at sunrise."

She seized the paper, fell on her knees, and pressed his hand to her lips, then shot like an arrow into the anti-chamber and down the grand stair to the carriage waiting below. She entered it breathlessly. Like the wind it whirled away towards the Luxembourg.

Meanwhile, Favard had risen from his iron camp-bed, and was making ready for death. His first act was to call for pen, ink, and paper. These were brought to him. He then sat down at his prison-table and wrote a last passionate farewell to the woman of his love. He next drew out his watch, set with brilliants, her portrait, which he had carried for years by field and flood, a ring from his finger, and a lock of his hair, and placed them in a little package marked with her name. This was barely done when the prison-door opened and the guard entered.

"General," said the officer, with emotion, "the sun is rising."

"I am ready," answered Favard, loudly and firmly.

He threw off his military coat with a steady hand. They led him silently out into the great solemn garden. The rain of the past night lay glittering on the flowers; birds were singing overhead in the branches; the world teemed with joy and life. In an open space among the trees, their bayonets twinkling in the early light, a score of soldiers stood drawn up for the execution. With a firm step Favard approached them. An officer advanced with a handkerchief to bandage his eyes. The battle-worn general put it quietly aside.

"You cannot teach a soldier how to die," he said, gently.

The officer fell back a few steps and left the doomed man standing alone, face to face with his executioners.

"Ready!" called the deep, solemn voice of the officer.

"Farewell, world," whispered Favard.

"Aim!"

Wild and sweet, like a bugle-call, another voice rose above that call of death—rose above it, drowned it out, filled in a moment the whole garden. It was a woman's voice, young, and strong with pain. The next instant a slender shape, robed in black garments, her loose hair streaming, a paper fluttering from her hand, dashed through the rank, wet shrubbery. With dilated eyes, with a face like the face of the dead, she rushed before the levelled bayonets.

"Pardon!" she cried, waving the paper above her head—"pardon from the king!"

Then she turned and fled towards the prisoner; their hands met in a vice-like grasp; they stood there in the light of the morning, and looked long and steadfastly at each other.

"Monsieur," she faltered, at last, "I give you your life."

"Countess," he answered, with hungry pain, "my life, of itself, is worth but little; there is something you must add to the gift."

"Monsieur," she faltered, "long ago I gave you my heart."

"Countess, yes, but even that is not now enough; there is one thing more I crave."

"Monsieur, I give you my hand!" she said, with a look of ineffable sweetness overspreading her beautiful face.

And that same day they were married privately, and went away together to the old chateau in Brittany.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

A new poem may be shortly expected from Mr. Browning.

There is some prospect of a cheap edition of Mr. Ruskin's works.

Mr. E. D. J. Wilson has retired from the editorship of the *Metropolitan.*

Mr. Millais has been at work on a likeness of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett.

Mr. Charles H. Ross is to edit *Fun* as well as *Judy,* as Mr. Tom Hood is going to America.

The Guildhall library will be opened as a free library of reference on Monday, the 10th inst.

M. Dore is said to be engaged upon a new work, entitled "Paris," as a companion to "London."

A smart American journalist is making arrangements for starting in London a new little paper after the model of *La Lanterne.*

An Armenian comic newspaper, bearing the name of *Punch* has been suspended for two months for ridiculing the Armenian Patriarch.

Mrs. Cobden is about to publish the letters of her late husband, and has accepted the assistance in this duty of Mr. Richards, M.P.

Mr. Ridgway, of Piccadilly, has in the press a work on the status of the legal profession, which is said to be written by a Conservative M.P.

A public meeting in Edinburgh has approved of erecting a colossal statue to John Knox, costing at least £5,000: £2,000 have already been subscribed.

The French *Journal Officiel* announces that the European Museum, composed of copies from the great masters, will be opened to the public on April 15.

Landseer has a rival in Mr. Jones, of Chicago, who, as a dog painter, has few equals. He can make a Dalmatian coach-dog out of a common white cur in ten minutes.

M. Stanislas Julien has bequeathed his fine library to the City of Orleans, where he was born. The municipality of that place has opened a subscription for a bronze bust of the generous donor.

The library of the late Emile Gautier, of Nantes, has just been sold by auction at Paris. The whole sale produced more than 100,000f. The library of his namesake, Theophile Gautier, brought about 10,000f.

A novel by the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, entitled "La Dame à la Rubine," will shortly be published. This novel, it is said, was laid before M. Prosper Merimée some time before his decease, and was corrected by him.

The Orleanist party is about to bring out a halfpenny paper in Paris to be called the "Soleil," and another in Marseilles, with the title of "Le Petit Provençal." Enormous placards herald the advent of the new organs.

Earl Russell's long-promised book on Christianity is, it is said, to appear in the course of March. Its full title is, "The Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the end of the Council of Trent." The noble Earl has manged to compress what he has to say on this comprehensive theme within the compass of a single octavo volume.

A most interesting personal relic of the illustrious John Evelyn has just come to light. It consists of a volume of prayers, entitled "Officium Sanctæ" and "Individuæ Trinitatis, or Private Devotion, composed and collected by John Evelyn for his Annuall and Quotidian use, with calendar table," &c. The date is 1650. The volume is bound in crimson morocco, with John Evelyn's crest and monogram on the back and on the eight corners of the sides.

We are really sorry to hear that the much-talked-of Arctic expedition of M. Pavy, who was recently fabled to have discovered an Arctic continent, has vanished into worse than "thin air." It is, perhaps, unprecedented in the annals of science that the funds meant to be devoted to a noble and heroic purpose should be literally wasted in riotous living. We hear, on too good authority, alas! that M. Pavy's explorations have been confined to certain not unknown phases of "life" in San Francisco.—*Nature.*

Many years since a workman in a French manufactory decided to make a watch, every part of which, the mainspring alone excepted, should be of rock-crystal, and after thirty years' labour accomplished his task. All the pieces of the watch are fastened by rock-crystal screws, and the escapement is most intricate. His widow would never part with it; but when she died the treasure fell into the hands of a French watchmaker, who intends to exhibit it at the Vienna Exhibition as a sample of French workmanship, pricing it at £400.

The making of wax artificial flowers, an art once extremely popular amongst ladies, and only to be acquired by the expenditure of several guineas in elaborate sets of moulding tools and fees to so-styled professors, seems pretty well to have died out. Where artificial flowers are now needed for the adornment of a dinner-table, &c., a more simple method is now embloyed. Passing by Martin's, in Covent-garden, we were struck by the life-like appearance of a quantity of camellias and convolvoli, so admirably carved and tinted that a close inspection was needed to distinguish them from real flowers. On examination we found that the raw material employed was nothing more than common white turnips, and that the sole tool used by the artist, a young man named Taylor, was a pen-knife. We have seen marvellous carvings executed by savages and prisoners, with only a bit of iron hoop, and know that Canova's first triumph was a lion moulded from butter; here we have an equal triumph of skill over want of tools and odd materials.

Although M. Thiers is afflicted with a severe cold, his early rising habits are unchanged, says the *National.* Lately, M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire entered M. Thiers' room at 6 a.m. "Now, you are late," says the President; "whence this idleness?" "No," says M. Barthélemy, "you have been idle; for at half-past five I was looking towards your cabinet and not seeing any light, I did not like to disturb you." "The fact is," rejoined M. Thiers, "we are neither of us wrong; I had taken my lamp to get a book in the library, and whilst there I read two long despatches."

"COMING EVENTS."

For our own part we only profess to record passing events. but a little pamphlet just published by Mr. J. Hodges, and containing what purports to be "Cuttings from the *Times* of 1900," aspires to describe events yet *in futuro,* and with no little skill, as the following extracts show:—

The recent decision of Herr von Bismuth, the German Chancellor, in the matter of the Homœopathic Cocoa Claims, will be received by some with surprise, by many with disappointment, but by the majority with a sigh of thankfulness, that at length, after so many years, this harassing international question, so seriously affecting the money market, has been finally set at rest. Our commercial prosperity has been so long threatened, the fluctuations of the money market have been so serious, and the public alarm lest, under excess of provocation, England should be forced to take up arms, has been so agonizing that it is with unfeigned satisfaction that we hail the decision of Herr von Bismuth, the arbitrator, though it be against us, and may appear at first sight to be a severe blow. We have to pay to the Government of the United States an award of three millions damages, because during the civil war between the North and the Confederate States, now half a century ago, Messrs. ——— supplied the insurgents with a large amount of homœopathic cocoa, which materially aided the Confederate troops in maintaining the struggle, and, it is asserted, was the prime cause of the activity and success of the insurgents in the battle of Bulls' Run.

A curate in Dorsetshire and a rector in Norfolk have been sentenced to pay respectively £25 and £50 under the Act recently carried through Parliament to compel the employment of labour. The curate thought he could dispense with a housemaid, now that wages are at £25, as his income was barely £150, and being a married man his wife was ready to exert herself to make the beds and dust the rooms. The rector, being fond of gardening, supposed himself capable of cultivating his own cabbages and potatoes. The magistrates in both cases have decided to the contrary. That it is the duty of every man not engaged in manual labour to employ operatives is an established principle in the country. It is now no longer optional, but compulsory, and the magistracy for the most part selected from the artisans are not likely to be behindhand in enforcing the law. A turnip is grown to feed oxen, and a capitalist is only allowed to exist on the understanding that he nourishes operatives.

At the same time that the magistrates in Norfolk and Dorsetshire have been enforcing this principle the Artisans' Union have given it a new and perhaps unexpected application in Liverpool and Manchester. It seems that owing to the stagnation in trade, no speculations are afloat, and that the wealthy merchants have abandoned business and commercial enterprise altogether, and devote their wealth to the purchase of antiquities, works of art, and objects of Natural History. The Artists' Union finding that very large sums of money were thus expended in objects which employed no labour, and in no way benefited the operative class, has decided that such expenditure of capital contravenes the rights of labour, and proceeded, without riot, but with firmness and order, to sack the houses of the collectors, and destroy all the objects of art and nature, and every antiquity they could discover. The police, who promptly attended, with great energy prevented the perpetration of any personal outrage. With bread at eightpence, and coals at two shillings and threepence a bushel, and meat half-a-crown a pound, we are perplexed to discover how these poor creatures have kept themselves alive. Now that the Artisans' Union has fixed the daily wage of every working man, good, bad, or indifferent, at 7s. 6d., their circumstances must assume a brighter colour.

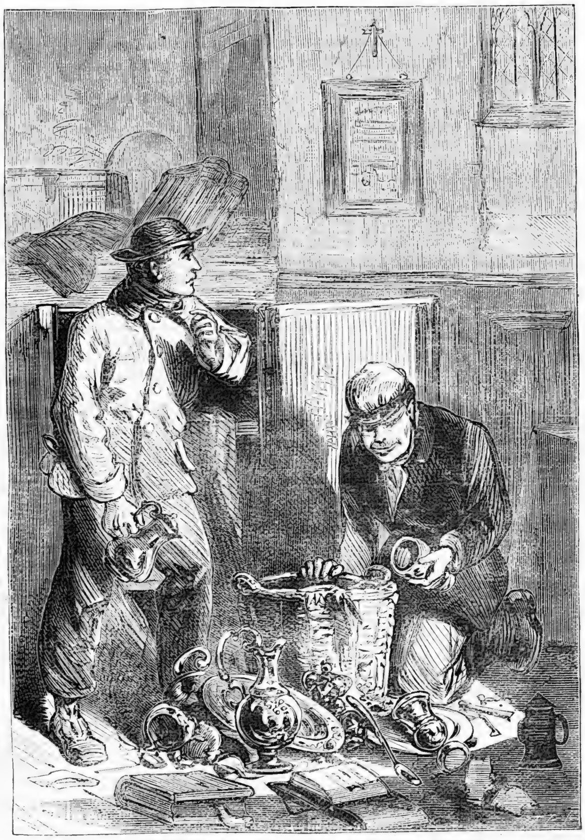
With the removal of women's disabilities, no office is secure from the intrusion of the fair sex. For centuries woman has been unrepresented in Parliament, and artificial barriers have been erected to close to her the pulpit, the counting-house, and the forum. That blot on our escutcheon is now obliterated. The election of female members for Finsbury and Nottingham wipes away that reproach. Already our bishoprics are filled with old women, and nothing save the unsightliness of the episcopal costume—especially when viewed from the rear—has saved them from being contested by the young and the fair. The incompatibility of the wig with the chignon has alone hitherto protected the office of Judge from invasion. The medical profession is now largely filled with female practitioners, and the result has been singularly felicitous. Men invariably consult petticoats and ringlets, and women call in the whisker and pants. A man does not now swear at having to pay 6s. 8d. for a lawyer's letter when the letter is on rose paper, scented, and written in an angular hand; and a barrister with the eyes of a gazelle and the foot of a fawn will influence a jury more than the merits of the case.

An excursion of great interest to England has been planned for the coming season by Herr Koch, the noted German purveyor of tourists. He is expected to bring with him a party of many hundreds. From London, before sight-seeing, the party will go to refresh themselves with wildfowl shooting on the tranquil meres of Chatham Docks. They will next inspect Woolwich Arsenal, now one vast rotunda of exploded military engines. Such of the party as like will visit various sinking funds of English money—such as Alderney Harbour. The party will now view the sights of London. After having held a grand disorderly meeting in Hyde Park, the party will go by the Midland to Leeds, Huddersfield, Halifax, and Bradford, and other villages situated amidst the ruins of manufacturing prosperity which has drifted to Germany and Russia. Our foreign visitors will next visit Sheffield, and see the forlorn relics of our iron trade, now transplanted to Sweden. Our foreign visitors will then explore the disused coal mines and converse with the expiring Troglodites. The enormous coast of coal called into existence the oxyhydrogen fire which has entirely superseded coal. Now we fill our hearths with lumps of chalk, which last a week, and by turning taps of oxygen and hydrogen, which by an ingenious process can be produced from water at a nominal cost, obtain a fire without smoke and ash, of unparallcled heating power, almost at no expense.

Worse than midshipman's pay, which has been famed as nothing a day and find yourself, seems to be the prospect held out in the speech of the German Emperor to the cadets of Berlin at the recent review. The Emperor pointed out that in the present time, with its chase after merely external goods and riches, the officer must consider honour as his highest good. He recommended to them for imitation the example of their comrades who fell in the late war. A pleasant look-out to be told to "imitate those who died."

SACRILEGE AT A CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

Some thieves have broken into the Roman Catholic Chapel at Wootton Wawen, near Warwick, and stolen a number of silver vessels used in the celebration of mass. An entrance was effected by means of a ladder, which the thieves took from a carpenter's shop some 400 yards distant from the chapel, placed against a window twelve feet from the ground. The thieves appear to have let themselves down to the floor of the chapel by means of the cord used to fasten and unfasten the window. They must have remained some considerable time within the building, for, besides plundering the altar, they broke open, with a pair of tongs, five strong alms-boxes, placed in different parts of the chapel, and abstracted their contents. Among the articles stolen were a handsome and valuable silver chalice, two silver cruets used for the mingling of the elements and their stand, and other utensils. The cover of a silver drinking-cup was also taken, while the cup, which was of considerable value, was left behind, apparently overlooked. After vainly trying to leave the chapel by the principal door, the lock of which they picked, the thieves gained egress by placing some steps which they found in the chapel on one of the pews under the window by which they obtained admission, and so got out.



SACRILEGE IN A ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

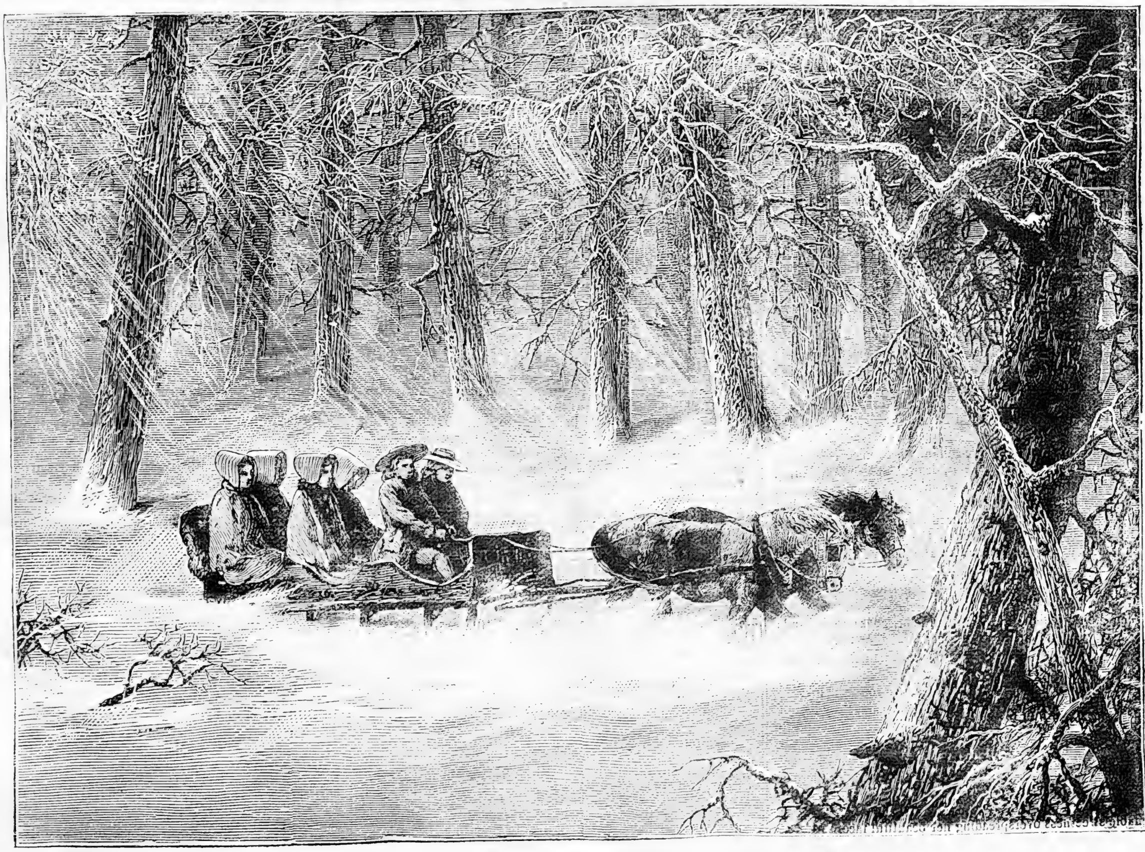
Among the losses written off as irrecoverable by My Lords of the Treasury in a recent minute, there is a startling item of upwards of two thousand pounds for "Military stores stolen at Yokohama, approved by Treasury letter." This forms by far the largest portion of the account. Our gallant soldiers who fought in New Zealand in 1870 were as hungry as they were brave, for they ate five hundred and nineteen pounds' worth of food more than they paid for. We all know in private life the unavoidable but not the less distressing losses sustained in our transactions with our washerwomen, and it appears that the nation as a whole is not exempt from its trials in this particular, as the sum of £224. 15s. 10d. is charged for deficiencies in bedding, on the termination of a contract for washing. We willingly join by anticipation in the just indignation of those who will ask what is the use of a general or a garrison at Plymouth if canvas of the value of elevenpence has been abstracted from the citadel of that fortress. A thermometer was stolen from the gun-wharf at Chatham, possibly by the same unprincipled person, who, taking advantage of the absence of the troops from Chatham at the Autumn Manœuvres of 1871, carried off a cask of colour valued at two shillings and ninepence. The above are some of the more prominent losses recorded, but those who would push their researches further will find much interest in inquiring into the story of the twelve shillings which the Cape-Mounted Rifles borrowed from Great Britain in 1871 and forgot to repay, of the flag lost in the sham battle at the Curragh, of the five swords destroyed while in the hands of the West Kent Yeomanry, and the bayonets lost by the Middlesex Militia.

The strenuous efforts made for some weeks past to refill the gap occasioned by the loss of the last octopus have at length been attended with success, and a specimen, finer even than its lamented predecessor, is now added to the attractions of the Brighton Aquarium. On Friday morning last a telegram was received by the Curator from Mr. Matthias Dunn, of Mevagissey, Cornwall, informing him that a fine octopus would be despatched from St. Austell that same evening, and, travelling by the night mail, might be expected to arrive at Paddington between three and four the following morning. At that early hour the sub-curator, Mr. Lawler, was in attendance at the station with a large receptacle of fresh sea-water, into which the interesting stranger was immediately transferred, and was soon on its way to its ultimate destination. It arrived at Brighton safely and in the best possible condition, soon after eight; revivified by its early bath, and that same afternoon was the centre of attraction.

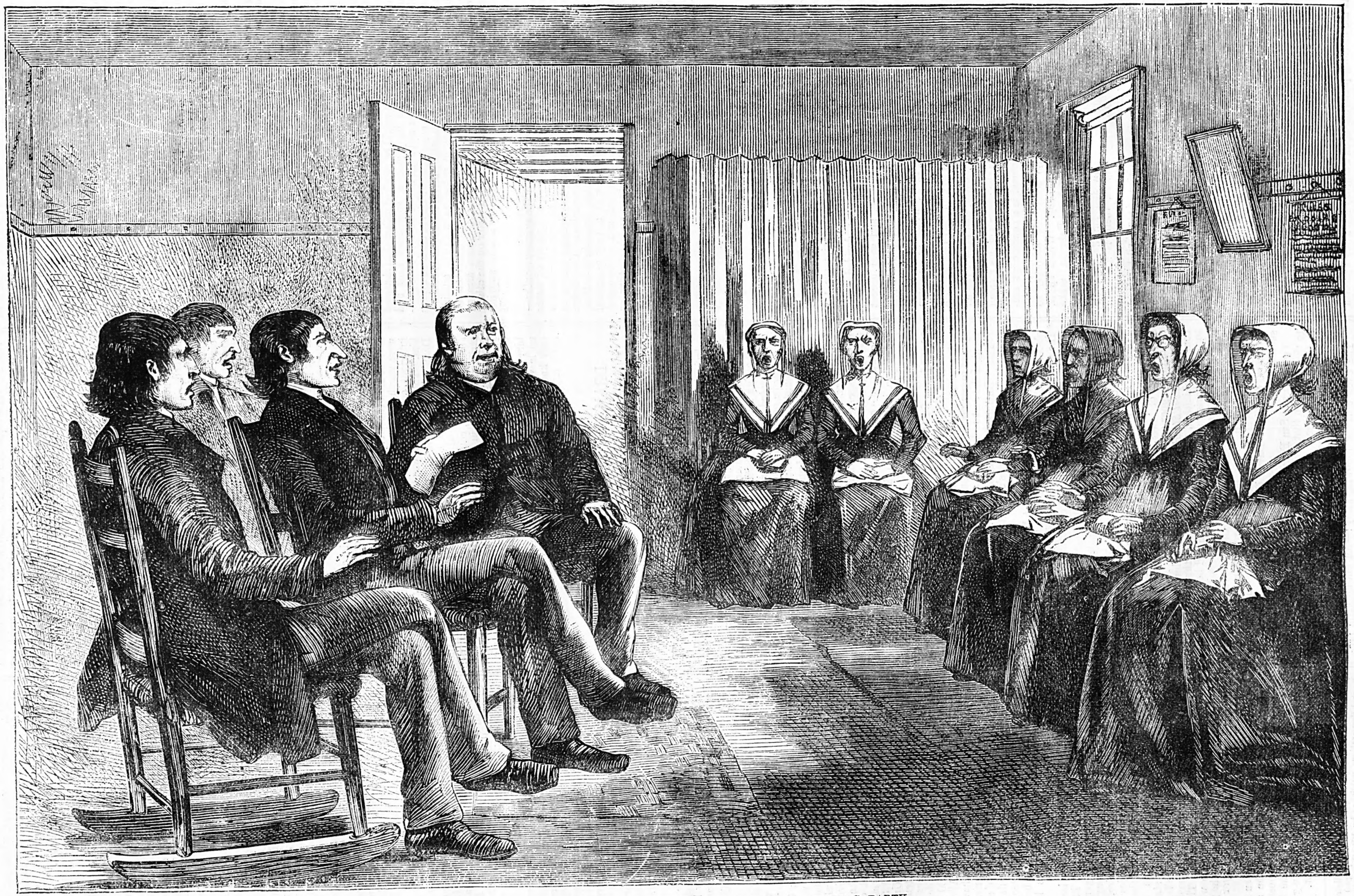
The Paris Jardin des Plantes has just lost one of its veteran inhabitants, "Nono," a magnificent parrot, brought from the Marquesas in 1776 by Bougainville. Although "Nono" appears to have passed the hundred years supposed to be the length of a parrot's life, the centenarian was as lively as ever, and his plumage just as gay, the only sign of age being the loss of his crest, his head being perfectly bald.

A Paris newspaper seriously declares that Dr. Hessel was only released on the English Government receiving a despatch from M. de Bismarck that he should consider his further detention a *casus belli*.

Among the salmon reared in the Art Gallery, Northumberland, are some with double heads and bodies, and others with double tails. They excite great interest. If this system could only be applied to cod-rearing, we should get a double allowance of cods' heads and shoulders.



THE SHAKERS OF MOUNT LEBANON ENJOYING A SLEIGH RIDE.



A PEEP AT THE SHAKERS OF MOUNT LEBANON.—A SINGING PARTY.

Thanks to Mr. Hepworth Dixon and his "Spiritual Wives," or rather to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the action for libel, which gave that work such an undeserved popularity, we most of us have heard of the Shakers—not the offset of that religious denomination that was flourishing a short time back in Chelsea, but the genuine American Shakers, who, besides their chief settlement at Mount Lebanon, have several other communities scattered about the United States.

The world is full of contrasts, and perhaps one of the most striking is that between the noisy whirl of American life as it is lived in New York and other large cities, and the monotonous quiet which pervades existence in that particular place, a Shaker village.

Surely, if blessed are the peace-makers, the Shakers must be blest indeed; for from one year's end to another their lives are peace. To them such emotions as "excitements," such novelties as "sensations," are utterly unknown. And they are as industrious as peaceful. "Work," not 'play," is the motto of the "dull boys" and duller girls of the Shaker community. From six o'clock in the morning, when the community arises, till nine o'clock at night, when it retires, the sound of useful toil is almost utterly unbroken. The motto inscribed upon the Shaker heart and Shaker life is, "*Laborare est orare*—" Work is prayer."

And certainly this work is well arranged and well directed, and all devoted to some definite and practical end. The professions, as such, are ignored, and art is unknown, while there is not an article under the head of fancy goods to be found within the limits of a Shaker settlement. But all varieties of carpentry, farming, building, tailoring—such as it is —plain sewing, &c., are done well. Certain species of machinery have been brought to a high degree of perfection, and in the preparation of vegetable medicines the Shakers have distanced all competition, and are literally masters of the field.

There are no drones in the Shaker's home. Every man has his department; every woman has her specialty; every child—nay, every dog, cat, cow, and horse—are in some manner utilized. The text that "He who doth not labour shall not eat" is practically enforced; and Carlyle himself, that "utility man" among modern authors, would be satisfied with the industry of the Shakers. But there are two sides to everything, and even Shakerdom, with all its healthy peace and healthy labour, has its curse—the curse of monotony, of unnatural uniformity, of unvarying sameness. Each week is so exactly alike the week that came before it, and the week that is to come after it, that even the Shaker-mind must long occasionally—being but a human mind, after all—for a little change, a temporary break in the dull monotony of existence.

And then, the two cardinal doctrines of Shakerdom are alike opposed to the very nature of things, and to the very principles of human nature. The Shakers believe in the community of goods—everybody owning everything, and nobody owning anything; and experience has shown that such a state is impossible on a large scale, and unwise on any scale.

As for their remaining doctrine that marriage is a weakness, and voluntary celibacy the highest stage of human progress, it is sufficient to reflect that, were Shakerdom in this respect to become universal, there would be in a very short time nobody left alive to be a Shaker.

There is a low state of intelligence and general learning among the Shakers. All the higher branches of knowledge are altogether neglected, nay, despised; and, although a few men, like Father Evans, have attained some notoriety as disputants, it has been only on the peculiar doctrines of the sect, while in all the most liberal branches of education and science the Shaker ignorance is profound. Still, even Shakerdom has its pleasures, simple as they are. Chief among their recreations comes music. This, among the Shakers, is of a very primitive character, and the lovers of opera and the patrons of opéra-bouffe would be shocked rather than charmed therewith. Yet it has its melodies, sometimes slow and solemn and plaintive, ever and anon lively, martial, even semi-comic. And certainly the enjoyment which the Shakers evince on singing their songs, such as they are, is intense and peculiar. Their music is expressed not in notes, as with the outside world, but in letters, written in various positions on an ordinary sheet of paper. When they sing, the men arrange themselves on one side and the women in a row on the other, as shown in our engraving, keeping time by a wild swaying with their hands and feet, sometimes with their heads, and evidently enjoying themselves hugely.

Then, again, they have their picnics in the summer months—queer Shaker picnics, with plenty to eat, and plenty of water and lemonade to drink, but without a bit of flirtation—heaven save the mark! And then there are the sledging parties in the winter—formal Shaker sledging excursions. One sledge will come along full of men, grey-coated, broad-brim-hatted, sober-faced, all. Another will follow at a very respectful distance after, filled with drab-bonneted and white-caped and thickly-hooded women, with perhaps an old brother, or two old brethren, in front, to manage the horses, who have no bells, and jog soberly along, as Shaker horses should. There is but little conversation, and such a thing as a good hearty laugh is unknown. Its impropriety would convulse Shakerdom. And yet, who knows, but that they do not enjoy themselves?

AT THE THEATRES.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Mr. Fiske made a bold stroke when he transferred the scene of Sardou's Rabagas from the principality of Monaco to an imaginary British dependency, and turned the glib-tongued Gambetta of the original piece into a blatant Beales. But such boldness was commendable. Improbabilities are the rage just now, and he did well to appeal to the whim of the hour. His particular improbability is decidedly refreshing after those of Messrs. Gilbert and Albery, and characters who talk terse smart English, and wear decent clothes are a great relief, after the abnormally clad beings who break down over blank verse in the "Wicked World" and "Oriana." Cantralia, where American aloes blossom in the open air, where every one seems to do "just as he damn pleases," appears to be a very pleasant spot to dwell in. Such a gem of a governor as it has too, in Earl Dashleigh, a staunch upholder of the *laissez faire* system, which has brought England to her present pitch of prosperity, and utterly ruined her at the same time, in the estimation of her Continental neighbours. He utterly disregards the appeals of his civilian chief of police, who "gets up" like an old soldier of the *Grande Armeé*, and of a milk-and-water colonel in a nondescript uniform, approximating to that of the Horse Marines, who are constantly urging him to do something or other to repress the growing spirit of democracy. Which spirit, incarnated in the person of one Robert Rabagas, seeks to upset things that be. Around him revolve a number of minor satellites, the Odgers and Sweenys of Cantralia, who offer a most striking resemblance, morally and facially, to their British prototypes. And, furthermore, there is a certain mildly lunatic young man who assumes the name of Oliver Cromwell, has a mania for the reduction of the Civil List, and serves as a milch cow to the other demagogues; and his name ought to furnish a rhyme to the lacteal fluid. Of course Rabagas is ready for anything, from a county court judgeship upwards. He only tries democratic spouting as a stepping-stone to power, and finally gets this latter—to his own detriment; for an American lady, fully convinced of the truth of the proverb that if you give a man rope enough he is sure to hang himself, persuades Earl Dashleigh to appoint him Chief Secretary. Whereupon he figuratively kicks over the ladder by which he mounted, or, more literally speaking, disperses his loving mob by means of cavalry charges, thereby ruining himself for ever in their estimation. Whereupon those who have made him their tool turn round and kick him out, crest-fallen, but retaining the sympathies of an audience who cannot but admire his impudence, his energy, and his frank rascality.

GAIETY.

At the morning performance on Saturday last a new operetta was presented to the ears and eyes of the audience. Mr. Tamplin is the composer, and his production is entitled "Fleurette." The plot is simple enough. Jacques, a miller, is beloved by his cousin Fleurette, who is also sought by the Marquis Beaurivage; but the Marquis is a married man, and, what is worse, his wife finds him out, and puts Fleurette on her guard. Fancying that the damsel shows the Marquis more attention than she ought, Jacques quits the mill, and enlists in a regiment of which the Marquis happens to be Colonel. Jacques is rather sorry for what he has done, when he finds that Fleurette loves him after all, and would gladly quit the army. The Marquise now comes to his aid, and, to punish her husband and put an end to his flirting with Fleurette, buys the young recruit's discharge, and then makes all parties happy save and except her naughty husband, who, even to the last, casts admiring glances upon Fleurette.

PRINCESS'S.

"The Merchant of Venice" was performed at this theatre on Saturday for the benefit of Mrs. Bandmann. The selection was a happy one, for in no character does Herr Bandmann appear to greater advantage than in Shylock. It is not only a conception of thorough intelligence, but a performance of finish and power. Herr Bandmann evolves the character with the slowness of a student, and each phase of it is carefully finished. Mrs. Bandmann is a pleasing Portia. It is a part which gives not many opportunities; but of all that it offers, such as Portia's anxiety during Bassanio's choice of the caskets, Mrs. Bandmann makes the most, and the famous speech on mercy in the trial scene was excellently rendered. The concluding piece was Mr. Bandmann's version of the German play of Dr. Robin, founded upon a supposed incident in the life of Garrick. Our readers will not have forgotten the late Mr. Robertson's treatment of the same subject, so brilliantly played by Mr. Sothern at the Haymarket, which is a much more elaborate piece than "Only a Player," the title of the present version, which is in one act.

HOLBORN.

An idiotic adaptation of "the Ragpickers of Paris" was brought out here on Monday. Such a miserable attempt at transpontine melodrama has never yet been placed on the boards of a West End theatre. The music, and scenery, and acting, were worthy of the dialogue, Mr. Vining alone standing forth in bright contrast to the bundle of sticks that surrounded him. This production was followed by "the Daughter of the Danube," an extravaganza of which it is only necessary to remark, that it was all but hissed off the stage, an act of gratuitous cruelty when we consider that not one tenth of the audience present, could have paid to witness it. The most striking feature in the evening's entertainment was the prominence of Mr. Nation's—we beg pardon, Mr. W. H. C. Nation's name—in the programme. This so-called programme, which by the way is nothing more than a common penny play bill, charged fourpence, contains the managerial cognomen no less then fourteen times, songs, costumes, and goodness only knows what else, being according to its authority due to his fertile brain.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Madame Lucca, writing from Boston, speaks of a trip to Havannah and California.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul give their joint entertainment at Easter for a month in the provinces.

Marchetti's opera of "Ruy Blas," founded on Victor Hugo's play, has obtained an immense success at Cairo.

It is stated that Mr. Buckstone's original version of "Jack Sheppard" is to be revived at the Adelphi.

The Paris Opera Comique has revived Auber's last production but one, the "Premier Jour de Bonheur," first produced on the 15th February, 1868.

It is stated that the chorus singers at the Opera-house will no longer be permitted to sing at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. Is this due to jealousy or goody-goodiness?

The *Musical Standard* understands that the Covent Garden Opera House will open on April 1st, and Drury Lane on the 15th.

The Brazilian composer Gomez, whose opera "Il Guarany," was so eagerly looked forward to last year in London, has just produced a new work, "Fosca," at the Milan Scala.

Sardou's "Oncle Sam," lately prohibited at Paris by the censorship, in deference to the feelings of Americans, is to be brought out at Vienna.

The house of Spina, of Vienna, has given the sum of 12,000 francs for the copyright of the new French prize opera, "Coupe du Roi de Thulé," for Germany.

A school of music has been established at Athens, and opened in presence of the Court. This is the first establishment of the sort in the East, and numbers already 400 pupils.

The "Bridge of Sighs" is to be withdrawn to-day (Saturday), at the St. James's Theatre, litigation being hinted at as the cause.

The Brussels journals state that Wagner's "Tannhauser" obtained an immense success at the Théatre de la Monnaie. The artists were several times recalled, and the orchestra was greatly applauded for its splendid execution.

Two shares of the Palais Royal Theatre, Paris, were recently sold by auction. Issued originally at 1,000f., they reached 8,700f. and 8,300f. respectively. The shares produced last year each 1,332f. dividend.

A ball took place at the Philharmonic on Ash Wednesday. A contemporary complains of "the disgraceful practical joking of a number of 'cads,' who tried to mar the proceedings by sprinkling pepper on the floor."

We (*Musical Standard*) understand that during the forthcoming Exhibition, the Albert Hall will be thrown open free to visitors having season tickets. Music will be better looked after than was the case at the last display.

Mr. Sothern, although not altogether recovered from his recent indisposition, is yet much improved in health. His appearance at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on Saturday February 8th, in "David Garrick" proved a triumphant success.

Two actors in San Francisco recently quarrelled. According to the custom in that city, one of them at once drew a pistol and fired at the other. He missed him, and shot an unoffending stage manager who was quietly looking on at this "bit of business," and who has since died a victim to curiosity.

The *Choir* tells the following story:—An enthusiastic precentor the other Sunday, on leaving Church, happened to meet one of the churchwardens. "Well," said the man of music, "how do you like the Gregorians?" "I haven't the pleasure of knowing the family," rejoined the other, and then inquired with naive simplicity, "Whereabouts do they sit?"

An American paper states that an intelligent manager about to present Mr. Gilbert's comedy of "The Palace of Truth," thought its attractiveness would be increased by the introduction of two performing mules as the two knights' chargers; and these appeared accordingly.

Mr. George Conquest, whose performances in pantomime are remarkable, and in their way unequalled, will appear during the approaching season at the Gaiety, in a drama with "supernatural effects." Mr. Lionel Brough will join the company at this theatre at Easter.

M.M. d'Ennery's and Charles Edmond's drama, in five acts, "L'Aieule," has been revived at the Paris Odéon with success. The piece was, in 1863, the greatest success of the Ambigu, and contributed largely to the fortune made by the manager.

The following letter was sent to the editor of the *New York Musical Gazette*:—"Mr. Edtur,—I send you a peas of mussick wich it is my furst chomp position in mussick wich if it wirthy a place in the N. Q. Mussick Gas it i shall be mutch obbligd and wont charg you anny thing fur printing my peas in the Gas it.—Yures Truley———— Jan. 15 73."

Miss Ada Cavendish has arranged with Mr. Andrew Halliday for the revival of his successful drama of "Little Em'ly," at the Olympic Theatre, on Monday, March 10th, introducing Mr. Emery in his original character of Dan'l Peggotty. Mr. Joseph Eldred will sustain the part of Micawber.

Douglas Jerrold's comedy, "Time Works Wonders," is to be revived at the Globe to-day. Next Saturday Holcroft's "Road to Ruin" will be played at a morning performance. The Vaudeville management also announce "Time Works Wonders" for their next revival. Which is to win the race; and why is the so-called "success" "Oriana" withdrawn?

"Charles I." has now run over five months, and is still attracting large audiences to the Lyceum. The sixth morning performance will take place to-day. Some one, by the way, has stated that Mr. Bateman gives Mr. W. G. Wills, the author of "Charles I." (in addition to a liberal sum for the drama), a retaining fee of ten guineas per week on the sole condition that he does not write for any other theatre.

At Constantinople the Turks are coming to the front in theatrical matters. The theatre at Guedik Pasha, in Stamboul, is under the superintendence of a committee of distinguished men and scholars, in the old Drury style, including Mehemed Rashid Pacha. Their last production is a national drama, "Ejel-i-Kaza," by Ali Bey, one of their members, and a comedy based on incidents of Turkish life.

The meeting held in Paris by the French Dramatic Authors' Society, to decide whether managers should be allowed to play their own pieces at the theatres they direct, was a very stormy one. Jacques Offenbach, the future proprietor of the Gaieté, although suffering severely from gout, spoke a few words, and Alexandre Dumas presided. The meeting was adjourned. If no arrangement is come to, it is believed the dissolution of the Society will follow.

An influential Committee has been formed to give a complimentary benefit to Mr. and Mrs. Liston, so long known to the public as the lessees and managers of the Queen's and Olympic Theatres. Mr. F. B. Chatterton has most kindly given the use of Drury Lane Theatre, and the performance will take place on Saturday morning, the 22nd March.

The success which Mr. J. M. Bellew has met with in New York has surpassed even his most sanguine expectations. Three readings at Steinway Hall produced receipts amounting to 4,300 dollars—£860.

GREAT FORGERY IN THE CITY.

It was discovered on Saturday that bills to an enormous amount had been forged upon all the principal houses in the city of London, and that these bills had been discounted by the Bank of England. Notice was therefore given to bankers, brokers, and others not to accept, receive, negotiate, or otherwise deal with certain securities of the United States, they, it is alleged, having been acquired out of the profits of the forgery. These securities are 137 United States Six per Cent. Five Twenty Bonds, 1867; five United States Five per Cent. Ten-Forty Bonds, 1864; and 204 United States Funded Loan Bonds. In the event of any attempt to deal with any of the securities in question, it is requested that information may be at once given to Inspector Bailey, at the Chief Office of Police in the City. A reward of £500 has been also offered for the apprehension of Frederick Albert Warren on the charge of forgery. He is described as having resided for some time at the Golden Cross Hotel, Charing-cross, and at Birmingham; as being about forty years of age, 5ft. 9in. or 10in. in height, thin, dark, and sallow, with dark hair and eyes; as speaking with a strong American accent, and as dressing "fairly well in a frock coat and a loose brown overcoat." He is also believed by the police to pass by the name of C. J. Horton.

At the Mansion House on Saturday last, the ordinary business of the day had concluded about 12 o'clock, but about 2 o'clock a well-dressed young man, of gentlemanly appearance and manners, named Noyes, was brought to the bar on a charge which did not publicly transpire, but which was that of having been concerned in the forgeries in question. On the Lord Mayor taking his seat, he stated that there were reasons for hearing the charge in private, and he therefore had to request, under a power given him by statute, that every one unconnected with the case would retire from the court. Upon this the reporters, for whom the intimation appeared to be more especially intended, withdrew. The charge was then proceeded with, and sufficient evidence was produced by the Messrs. Freshfield, who appeared on the part of the Bank of England, to warrant the Lord Mayor in remanding the prisoner, until the following Friday.

The forged bills are said to have been admirably executed, the signature, the print, the paper, the stamps, &c., having been so carefully counterfeited as almost to defy detection. The forged bills were discounted at the West-end Branch of the Bank of England in Burlington-gardens, where the alleged forger had long kept an account.

Epilepsy or Fits.—A sure cure for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by PROF. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any chemist. Sent free to any address on application to PROF. O. PHELPS BROWN, 2, King-street, Covent-Garden, London.

IN COURT.

ABSCONDING OF M. LIZARDI.

Last Saturday was fixed for the further proceeding with the case of Mr. Joseph Javier de Lizardi, the merchant who recently failed for a very large amount, and who is charged with obtaining a sum of £12,000 from Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co., the bankers, by means of false pretences. When the case was now called the defendant did not appear, and he was not legally represented. Mr. Lewis, solicitor, appeared on behalf of the two gentlemen who had become bail. He said they had come forward as bail in perfect good faith, and that they had received no security of any kind as cover for the amounts for which they had made themselves liable. On Friday afternoon they learned for the first time that the defendant was not likely to appear, and they immediately instructed him (Mr. Lewis) to take the most active measures to secure the presence of the defendant, and to spare no expense for that purpose. The town had been placarded with bills offering £200 for the arrest of defendant, and he had to ask that a warrant might be issued, and that the recognizances of the bail should not be estreated for a month. Mr. Poland opposed the application, and the Lord Mayor said the recognizances of the bail must be estreated at once. A week or two would probably elapse before the formalities were completed, and if they produced the defendant before the money was paid that, he supposed, would be sufficient for them. His lordship remarked that he had released the defendant on a statement being made that there was a perfect answer to the case. A warrant was at once issued for the arrest of the defendant, and £200 is offered for his apprehension.

AN AMAZON.

Caroline Nash, 23, spinster, was charged before Mr. Justice Brett, at the Hertford Assizes, with feloniously shooting at George Summerland, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm, and to maim and disable him.

The prisoner, who is a good-looking girl, had been eleven times summarily convicted of different offences, such as assaults, petty larceny, and also poaching, it being stated that she was a remarkably good shot, and kept a gun in the house where she resided with her mother, at a place called Harmer-green, in the vicinity of Welwyn. They occupied one of three cottages, the property of a woman named Darnell, who resided in the same neighbourhood, and it would seem that the prisoner entertained an idea that she and her mother were entitled to the property, and that Mrs. Darnell had no right to it. The centre cottage had been for some time shut up; and on the 17th of December Mrs. Darnell went to Harmer-green, accompanied by her brother-in-law and some other persons, and also the prosecutor, who is a constable of the Herts Constabulary, for the purpose of opening and taking possession of the vacant dwelling. When they arrived the prisoner and her mother were outside their cottage, and the moment the prisoner saw Mrs. Darnell approaching, guessing her object, she exclaimed that she would go and get her gun and "do for them," and ran into her cottage. The mother followed and, thinking that the prisoner intended to bring out the gun and commit some act of violence, she shut the door, hoping by this means to keep her inside and prevent mischief. The prisoner, however, had other intentions, for she fastened the door inside, to prevent any one from interfering with her, and then proceeded deliberately to force out several bricks from the party wall, and thus made a hole four or five inches square, through which she pointed the muzzle of the gun into the front room of the empty cottage. After a short time had elapsed the door of the empty cottage was forced open; and, upon Mrs. Darnell and the others entering the room, they observed the muzzle of the gun pointed through the hole at them, and the prisoner, who was in a very excited state, threatened that if they did not quit the place instantly she would shoot them. Mrs. Darnell and her brother-in-law at once turned on one side out of the range of the gun, and the prosecutor, who was standing near the door of the cottages, called out to the prisoner, "You would not shoot me, would you?" The prisoner replied, "Yes; I would shoot you or any other —— who comes in here!" And almost at the same instant she discharged the gun at him. The prosecutor fell to the ground, but luckily escaped without receiving any serious injury. After she had fired the gun the prisoner was heard to reload and ram down the charge, and she again repeated her threat to shoot any person who approached the place. Subsequently Mr. Hunt, superintendent of the constabulary, arrived, and the prisoner was taken into custody.

The jury, without any hesitation, found the prisoner guilty of shooting at the prosecutor with intent to do him grievous bodily harm. Mr. Justice Brett then sentenced her to be kept in penal servitude for five years.

A HINT FOR JURORS.

During the trial of a case at the Limerick assizes, one of the jurors complained of illness. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald directed Dr. Murphy, who was in court, to examine him. Dr. Murphy, on his oath reported that the juror was suffering from irritability of the stomach. He had taken too much on the previous night. The doctor was of opinion that the juror would be all right if he got a glass of brandy and a bottle of soda water. His lordship directed the sheriff to supply the brandy and soda, which was done, and the trial proceeded.

THE BARBER AND THE DUSTMAN.

William Goddard, a barber, carrying on business in the Commercial-road, Lambeth, was summoned before Mr. Benson, for assaulting Edward Milton, a dustman, by maliciously shaving his beard and whiskers off, and cutting all the hair from his head. The prosecutor a singular-looking man, who had the appearance of the "prison crop," said he was employed at Mr. Easton's dust-yard, in the Commercial-road. On Tuesday afternoon he had been drinking very freely with his mates, and while he was very "snuffy" some of them took him into the barber's shop, and told the defendant to give him a clean shave. He was placed in a chair, and when he got up he found that his beard and whiskers were off. He left the shop, protesting against such conduct, but about an hour afterwards he was taken back to defendant's place, and his hair was cut off. People would think he had just come from the treadmill. (Laughter.) In answer to the charge, defendant said that complainant came into his shop on Tuesday, laughingly seating himself on a chair, put his hand up to his beard and whiskers, said, "I want you to shave these clean off, as I am going to fight Bleecher, another dustman, and I don't want him to have any handle." Witness did as he was requested, when complainant looked in the glass and exclaimed, "That's all right," and left the shop. About an hour afterwards he returned, and desired him to cut his hair all off, as he was going to have a turn at him. His hair being very long and out of order, he cut it as desired, when he paid him, and left the shop. Mr. Benson asked complainant whether he was going to fight Bleecher? He replied that he was not. He was not a fighting man, and Bleecher was too much for him. (Laughter.) The fact was he was very drunk, and his mates carried him into defendant's shop, and he was incapable of preventing him disfiguring him in such a shameful manner. His beard and whiskers kept him warm, and his hair curled nicely. Now he had "the thieves' crop." (Loud laughter.) The summons was dismissed.

AN UNJUST STEWARD.

The *Sheffield Telegraph* reports the trial at the sessions in that town of William Marsh, the steward for Sir W. Cooke, Bart., on an indictment for fraud. It was alleged that the defendant, who was one of the guardians of the poor for the Doncaster Union, sought out an aged widow named Sampson, who had applied to the Board for relief. She had for many years occupied at the village of Bentley a cottage to which, owing to the disappearance for more than twenty years of the real owner, she had acquired a possessory title. He presented to her for her signature a paper, which he represented to be a document in reference to her obtaining parochial relief, but it was afterwards found to be a conveyance to him of the cottage for the sum of ten shillings. The defence was an absolute denial of any fraud, and an allegation that the old woman always meant to give the cottage to the defendant when she had done with it. The jury convicted the defendant, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

A POETICAL FARMER.

At the Oxford Circuit, before Mr. Justice Honyman, an action for breach of promise, "Hall *v.* Taylor," was heard.

According to Mr. Hill's statement of the case, the plaintiff was a spinster about thirty years old, living with her mother, a farmer's widow, at Grimsbury; and the defendant was a young tenant farmer, of the same age, and of a poetical turn of mind, at Shipston-on-Stour. In the latter part of 1867 the parties met and made acquaintance at a penny reading; an attachment sprang up between them, which ripened into an engagement in January of the following year. The defendant wrote to the plaintiff in the warmest terms, assuring her that "he was an isolated being, and felt himself a lonely wanderer over the face of nature; he now for the first time found himself a miserable man."

Mr. Huddleston remarked that every man was miserable till he married.

His Lordship said Mr. Huddleston was a leading authority on the subject; in fact, he was the most recent case.

In another letter of the defendant's came the following poetical effusion :—

> "I've loved thee short, I've loved thee much,
> "And till this frame shall be
> "Laid in the silence of the grave
> "I will remember thee.
>
> "Forget thee! Sooner shall the waves
> "Forget and leave the sea,
> "Sooner the stars forget to shine,
> "Than thou forgot shall be.
> "From your deeply-attached Joe."

Unfortunately, before the defendant's frame had been laid in the silence of the grave or the stars had forgotten to shine, he was exposed to the dangerous attractions of a cousin, and though, as Mr. Huddleston assured the Court, he still well remembered the plaintiff, he inadvertently married the cousin.

After amusing speeches from the counsel on both sides, a verdict for the plaintiff was taken by consent for £200.

A VIGILANT WATCHMAN.

At the Manchester Police-court, a watchman, named Eli Oldham, employed at the Park Mills, Bradford, has been summoned under the Masters' and Servants' Act for neglect of duty. In addition to his other duties, the defendant had to keep up the fires, so as to have steam ready to start the engines at six o'clock, and water heated for the purpose of boiling yarns for the dyers and bleachers. The other day a workman named Allen went to the mills at about four o'clock, and knocked in vain for admission. In truth, Eli Oldham was fast asleep, nor was Allen able to get into the mills for about half an hour, by which time Oldham had concluded his slumber. The awakening thoughts of the unhappy watchman must have been of a most distressing nature, for about 600 hands were shortly expected, and there was neither fire nor steam ready for them to commence their labours. Oldham, apparently, had not the nerve to meet this army of workpeople under the circumstances, and accordingly, shortly after five o'clock, he announced the state of affairs to Allen, and, requesting him to take charge of the keys, expressed his intention of going home. He accordingly departed to breakfast, and in the meantime the 600 hands made their appearance, but, finding nothing ready for them, had to return to their houses, and the works were not started until ten minutes to nine o'clock. Oldham expressed his regret at the *contretemps* arising from his somnolency; and the case not being pressed against him, was let off with a fine of five shillings. It is not every one who is thus allowed to "rest, and be thankful."

THE EARL AND THE MONEY-LENDER.

The judgment of the Court of Appeal in Chancery, in the suit of the Earl of Aylesford *v.* Morris, recently argued before the Lord Chancellor and Lord Justice Mellish, was delivered on Wednesday. Lord Guernsey, being in want of money, applied in 1869 to a Mr. Graham, and gave promissory notes for the amount lent. These notes having been dishonoured at maturity, and a further advance having been obtained, Lord Guernsey gave acceptances for £6,000. At the time when Lord Guernsey attained his majority (February 1870), Lord Aylesford, his father, was in the prime of life. Unwilling to confess to his father the real state of things, he applied to Graham for more money, and was by him introduced to Mr. Morris, the defendant, to whom he gave his acceptances at three months for £8,000 (nominally), of which he actually received £6,688; £1,200 being deducted as interest at 60 per cent. for three months, and £112 for a premium on a policy effected on Lord Guernsey's life. The bills falling due in October, 1870, he was unable to meet them, and again resorted to Mr. Morris, this time through a Captain Addison, from whom he got fresh bills for £11,000, which were discounted for £9,530, out of which Mr. Morris was to be paid his £8,000 and interest at 60 per cent., leaving the borrower, in cash, about £200. In January, 1871, the plaintiff, who had recently married, succeeded, upon his father's death, to the title and estates. In the following March application was made for payment of the bills for £11,000, and Lord Aylesford's offer to pay them, with interest at 15 per cent., having been declined, Morris issued a writ in May for £12,262 13s. To restrain that action, Lord Aylesford applied to the Court of Chancery, and obtained from Vice-Chancellor Wickens all the relief he asked for as against Mr. Morris, his Honour dismissing the bill with costs as against Captain Addison. From that decree, so far as it affected himself, Mr. Morris appealed, and the whole question was exhaustively argued a fortnight ago. The Lord Chancellor, after laying down broadly the general principles upon which courts of equity proceed in granting relief to the victims of extortionate and unconscionable bargains, went on to show that there was nothing in the present case to take it out of the general rule. No attempt had been made to show that the terms imposed were fair and reasonable; in fact, there had been really no bargain at all, nor any inquiry into the expectations of the plaintiff. There was no weight in the appellant's contention that the fact that the plaintiff was a vested remainderman, and not an expectant heir, disentitled him to come for relief to a court of equity; all the authorities showed that remaindermen and reversioners were for this purpose "expectant heirs." Supposing the plaintiff had borrowed elsewhere enough to pay off the defendant, that would only have shifted the burden from one shoulder to the other. Or suppose he went on renewing the bills, what must be the result? The defendant had openly avowed that he exacted 60 per cent. because he took the best price he could get, like the rest of his fraternity. On the whole the judgment of the court below was right, and the appeal must be dismissed with costs. But as the plaintiff had no merits to plead, and came into court to be releived from the consequences of his own wilful and culpable folly and extravagence, it was only just that he should obtain that relief at his own expense. The order of the Vice-Chancellor, therefore, as to costs would not be disturbed.

CHARGE OF MURDER.

John Westwood, 34, labourer, was charged at the Central Criminal Court, with the wilful murder of his wife, Eliza Westwood.

Mr. Poland and Mr. Mead conducted the prosecution on behalf of the Treasury, instructed by Messrs Wontner and Sons.

The prisoner was defended by Mr. Cooper.

This case was postponed from the last session, and although the prisoner was now charged with the serious offence of wilful murder, it appears that in the first instance the coroner's jury, returned a verdict of manslaughter only against him. It appeared that the prisoner and his wife, the deceased woman, occupied a cottage at Heston, in Middlesex, the prisoner being employed as a gas labourer in London, and it being his custom to return home to Heston every Saturday after he had done his work. He did so on the evening of Saturday, the 25th of January, and he found the deceased at a public-house about half a mile from his residence, and it did not appear to be disputed that she was in an almost helpless state of intoxication. The prisoner was naturally, very angry at finding his wife in such a condition, and he and a man named Beckett took her out of the public-house and proceeded to get her home. She was unable to walk from her druken state, and the two men dragged her along, and it appeared that a police-constable who met them remonstrated with the prisoner for doing so, and said that the two men might carry the deceased, and it was not necessary to drag her in that way. At length the deceased was got home, and it was not disputed that she fell down several times, and when she was got into the cottage blood was flowing from her mouth and other parts of her person, and a lodger named Whitebread wiped up the blood from the floor. The deceased was then placed on a couch, and the prisoner was left alone with her, and on the following morning the prisoner gave an alarm, and the deceased was discovered still lying upon the couch dead and cold. The prisoner inquired of the people about him what he was to do, and he was advised to send for the police and a doctor, but the latter did not arrive until nearly ten o'clock. From the examination made by the doctor, he was of opinion that the woman had been dead for about nine hours; and upon examining the head of the deceased, he found a very severe wound on the back of it, which cut down completely to the bone. The case on the part of the prosecution was that this injury, which was, undoubtedly, the cause of death, could not have been caused by a fall, and must have been inflicted by some heavy, blunt instrument; and evidence was given that while the prisoner and the other man were taking deceased home the prisoner used a foul expression, and said that he would give her something in the morning for getting drunk. There was no appearance of any struggle or scuffle having taken place in the room where the dead body was found, and when the prisoner was taken into custody the account he gave of the transaction was that the deceased had received the injury in the head by falling down when they arrived at the cottage, and the only facts that seemed to throw any doubt upon the truth of this statement was the character of the injury, and that the bonnet worn by the deceased did not exhibit any indentation externally corresponding with the wound. There was no evidence to show that the prisoner had been in the habit of ill-treating the deceased, but, on the contrary, it was stated that he generally behaved in a kind and affectionate manner to her. The jury found the prisoner Not Guilty.

AMERICAN PORK.

At the opening of the Hammersmith Police Court, on Wednesday morning Dr. Dudfield, the medical officer of Kensington, attended with Mr. Langman, the inspector of nuisances for Notting-hill, for the purpose of obtaining the magistrate's opinion with respect to a quantity of American pork which had been seized in the shop of Mr. Samuel Mann, a cheesemonger in the Portobello-road. Mr. Bridge went out into the yard to examine the pork, which had been brought in a truck. Mr. Man put a knife in one piece, and passed the blade to the magistrate's nose. Mr. Bridge immediately withdrew his head, and said it was not fit for food.

The Magisrate returned to the court, and heard evidence in the case.

Mr. Langman said he seized 1cwt. 2qrs. 14l., some of which was marked 6d. and 5½d. per pound. He believed the pork was unsound when salted.

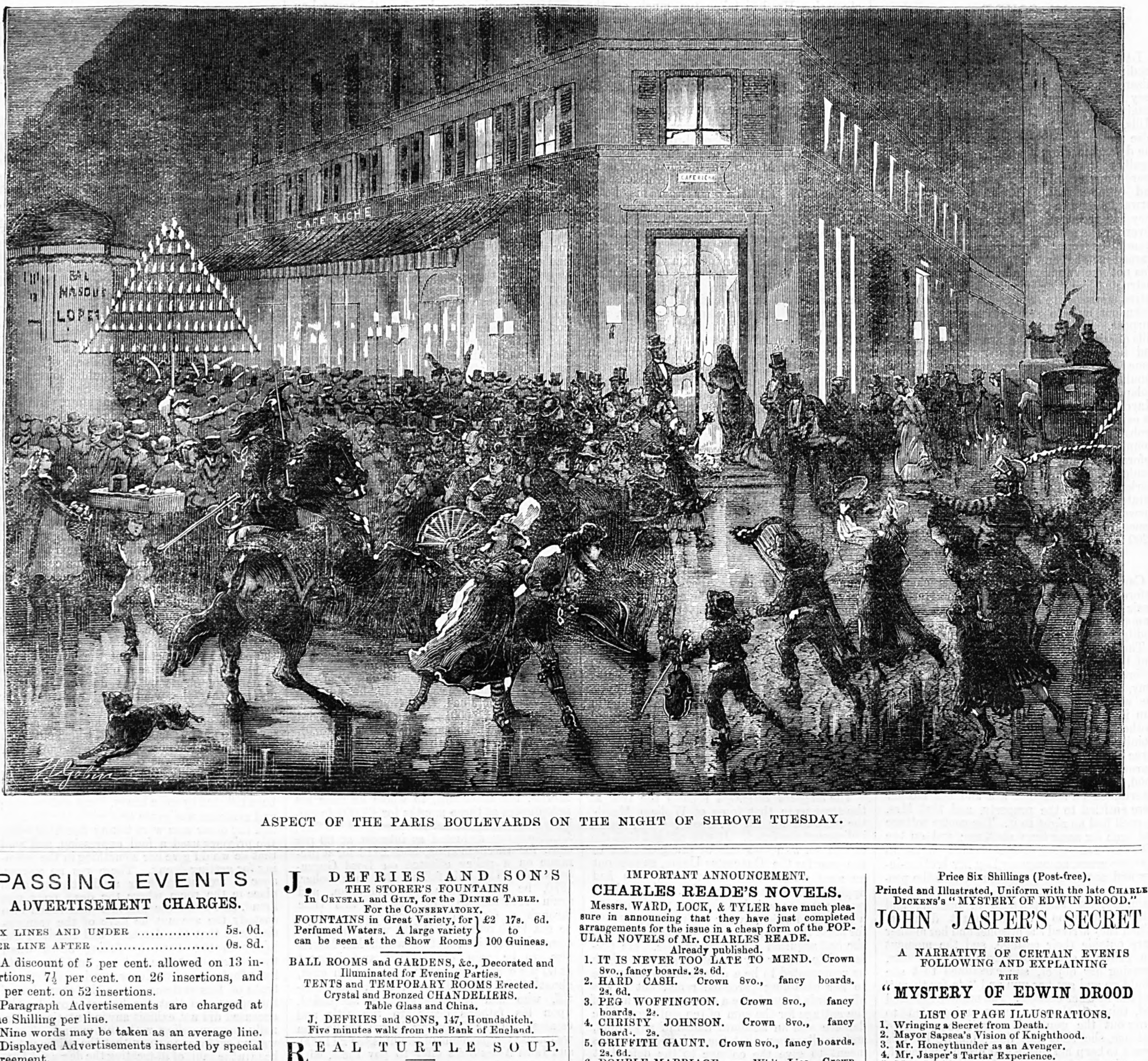
Mr. Mann asked the inspector if he ever noticed a peculiar smell in all American meat?

The Inspector said he had noticed a strong smell, but not of the kind as that from the pork which he had seized.

Dr. Dudfield said he was the medical officer of St. George's Workhouse, in Kensington, where American pork was used, but it was not like the pork in the yard of the court.

The defendant said American meat would waste. It was of an oily nature, and had that peculiarity about it. He bought a sample of the pork, but he had sent it back, and had another quantity which he thought was good. He did not eat any of it, or bacon, for if he did his face came out in blotches.

Mr. Bridge said he had no hesitation in saying that the meat must be considered, as it was, unwholesome food. He thought the person who sold it had done very wrongly.



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